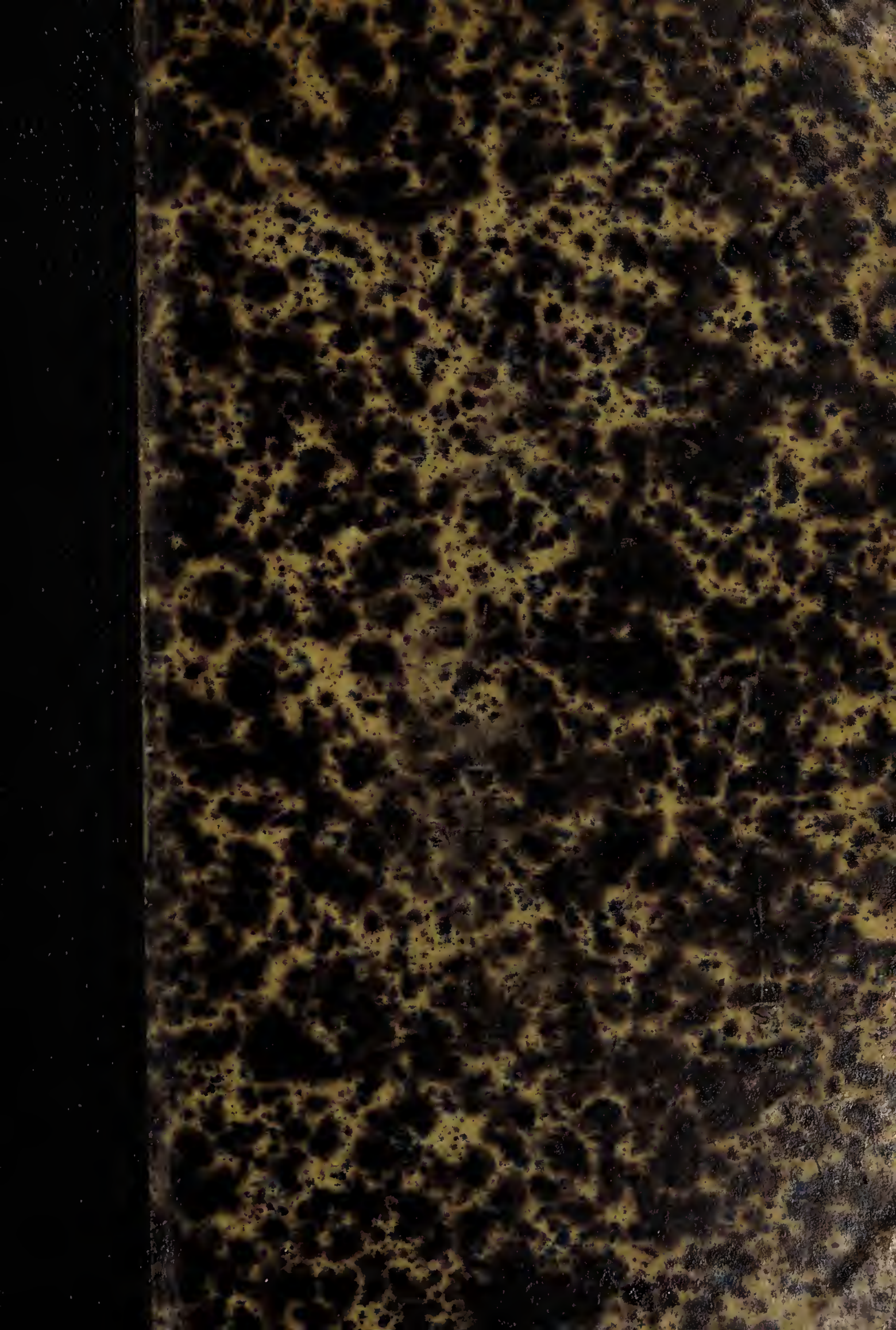

Accessions
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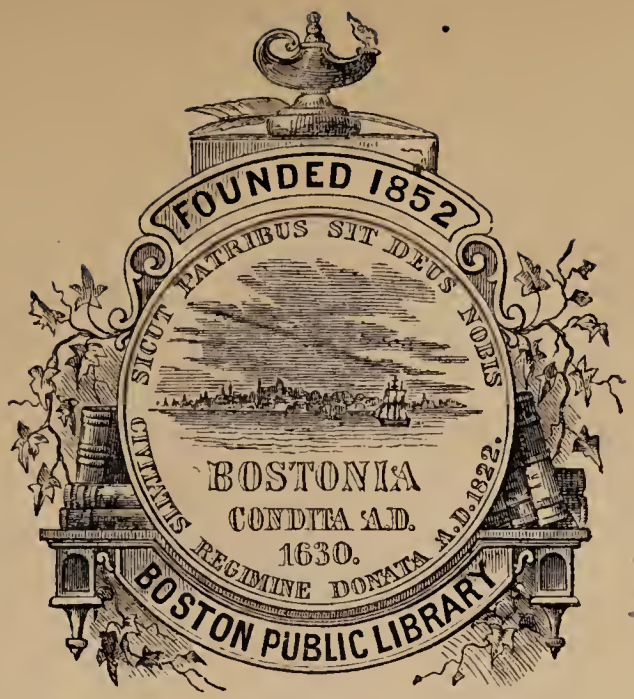

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PAMPHLETS.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Plays.

Barton Library. 28 Nov. 3

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Added May 6 1873.

Catalogued by

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Memoranda

WIT WITH-OVT MONEY.

A COMEDIE,

As it hath beene Presented with good Applause at the private house in *Drurie Lane*, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by *Francis Beamount*, and *John Flecher*, Gent.

LONDON
Printed by *Thomas Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and *William Cooke*. 1639.

12/10

The Actors names.

VAllentine, *a Gallant that will not bee perſwaded to keepe his eſtate.*

Franſciſco, *his younger brother.*

Maſter Lovegood *their Uncle.*

A Merchant, *friend to Maſter* Lovegood.

Fountaine, Bellamore, Harebraine, } *companions of* Vallentine, *and ſutors to the* Widdow.

Lance *a Faulkoner, and an ancient ſervant to* Vallentines *Father.*

Shorthoſe *the clowne, & ſervant to the* Widdow.

Roger, Ralph, & Humphrey, *three ſervants to the* Widdow.

Three Servants. Muſitians.

Lady Hartwell *a Widdow.*

Iſabell *her Siſter.*

Luce *a waiting Gentlewoman to the Widdow.*

WIT WITH-OVT MONEY.

Actus 1. *Scæna* 1.

Enter Vncle and Merchant.

Merchant.

When saw you *Vallentine.*

Uncle. Not since the Horserace, he's taken up with those that wooe the Widdow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people, he bore a worthy minde.

Vnc. Alas, he's sunke, his meanes are gone, he wants, and which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. Thats strange.

Vnc. Runs Lunaticke, if you but talk of states, he cannot be brought now he has spent his owne, to thinke theres inheritance, or meanes, but all a common riches, all men bound to be his Bailiffes:

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Vnc. No Gent. that has estate to use, it in keeping house, or followers, for those wayes he cries against, for eating sins, dull surfets, cramming of serving men, mustering of beggers, maintaine hospitals for Kites, and curs, grounding their fat faithes upon old Country proverbes, God blesse the founders; these

he would have vented into more manly uſes, Wit and carriage, and never thinkes of ſtate, or meanes, the ground workes: holding it monſtrous, men ſhould feed their bodies, and ſtarve their underſtandings.

Mer. Thats moſt certaine.

Vnc. Yes, if he could ſtay there.

Mer. Why let him marry, and that way riſe againe.

Vnc. Its moſt impoſſible, he will not looke with any hanſomeneſſe upon a woman.

Mer. Is he ſo ſtrange to women.

Vnc. I know not what it is, a fooliſh glory he has got, I know not where, to balke thoſe benefits, and yet he will converſe and flatter um, make um, or faire, or foule, rugged, or ſmooth, as his impreſſion ſerves, for he affirmes, they are onely lumps, and undigeſted peeces, lickt over to a forme, by our affections, and then they ſhow; The lovers let um paſſe.

Enter Fount. Bella. Haire.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much promiſe; they are wondrous merry.

Vnc. O their hopes are high ſir.

Fount. Is *Vallentine* come to Towne.

Bella. Laſt night I heard.

Fou. We miſſe him monſtrouſly in our directions, for this Widdow, is as ſtately, and as crafty, and ſtands I warrant you.

Haire. Let her ſtand ſure, ſhe falls before us elſe, come lets goe ſeeke *Vallentine*.

Mer. This Widdow ſeemes a gallant:

Vnc. A goodly woman, and to her hanſomneſſe ſhe beares her ſtate, reſerved, and great Fortune has made her Miſtreſſe of a full meanes, and well ſhe knowes to uſe it.

Mer. I would *Vallentine* had her.

Vnc. Theres no hope of that Sir.

Mer. A that condition, he had his morgage in againe.

Vnc. I would he had.

Mer. Seeke meanes, and ſee what Ile doe, however let the money be paid in, I never ſought a Gentlemans undoing, nor eate the bread of other mens vexations, the morgage ſhall be rendred backe, take time fort, you told me of another brother.

Vnc.

Vnc. Yes sir, more miserable then he, for he has eate him, and drunke him up, a handsome Gentleman, and a fine Scholler.

Enter three tennants.

Mer. What are these?

Vnc. The tennants, th'le doe what they can,

Mer. It is well prepared, be earnest honest friends and loud upon him, he is deafe to his owne good. (you.

Lance. We meane to tell him part of our mindes, ant please

Mer. Doe, and doe it home, and in what my care may helpe, or my perswasions when we meete next.

Vnc. Doe but perswade him fairely; and for your money, mine, and these mens thankes too, and what we can be able:

Mer. Yare most honest, you shall finde me no lesse, and so I leave you, prosper your businesse my friends. *Exit Merchant*

Vnc. Pray heaven it may sir:

Lance. Nay if hee will be mad, Ile be mad with him, and tell him that Ile not spare him, his Father kept good meate, good drinke, good fellowes, good hawkes, good hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome; kept him too, and supplyed his prodigality, yet kept his state still, must wee turne Tennants now, after we have lived under the race of Gentry, and maintaind good yeomantry, to some of the City, to a great shoulder of Mutton, and a Custard, and have our state turned into Cabbidge Gardens, must it be so:

Vnc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. Thats as he makes his game:

Vnc. Intreate him lovingly, and make him feele:

Lance. Ile pinch him to the bones else.

Vallen. Within. And tell the Gentleman, Ile be with him presently, say I want money too, I must not faile boy.

Lance. Youle want clothes, I hope.

Enter Vallentine:

Vall. Bid the young Courtier repaire to mē anon, Ilē reade to him.

Vnc. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged, start him, but affright him not.

Vall. Phew are you there?

Vnc. We come to see you Nephew, be not angry;

Val. Why doe you dogge me thus, with these strange people, why all the world shall never make me rich more, nor master of these troubles.

Tennants. We beseech you for our poore childrens sake.

Val. Who bid you get um: have you not thrashing worke enough, but children must be baugd out oth' sheafe too, other men with all their delicates, and healthfull diets, can get but winde egges: you with a clove of garlicke a peece of cheese would breake a saw, and sowre milke, and I must maintaine these tumblers.

Lance. You ought to maintaine us, wee have maintained you, and when you slept, provided for you; who bought the silke you weare, I thinke our labours; reckon, youle find it so: who found your horses perpetuall pots of ale, maintain'd your Tavernes, and who extold you in the halfe crowne boxes, where you might sit and muter all the beauties, wee had no hand in these, no we are puppies:
Your tennants base vexations.

Vall. Very well sir.

Lance. Had you Land, and honest men to serve your purposes, honest, and faithfull, and will you run away from um, betray your selfe, and your poore tribe to misery; morgage all us, like old cloakes; where will you hunt next, you had a thousand acres, faire and open: The Kings bench is enclosed, thers no good riding, the Counter is full of thornes and brakes, take heed sir, and bogges, youle quickly finde what broth they're made of.

Val. Yare short and pithie.

Lance. They say yare a fine Gentleman and excellent judgment, they report you have a wit; keepe your selfe out oth raine and take your Cloake with you, which by interpretation is your state sir or I shall thinke your fame belyed you, you have money and may have meanes.

Val. I prethee leave prating, does my good lye within thy braine to further, or my undoing in thy pitty: goe, goe, get you home, there whistle to your horses, and let them edifie, away, sow hempe, and hang your selves withall, what

am

am I to you, or you to me; am I your Landlord puppies?

Vnc. This is uncivill.

Val. More unmercifull you, to vex me with these bacon broth and puddings, they are the walking shapes of all my sorrowes:

3. *Tennants.* Your Fathers Worship, would have used us better.

Val. My Fathers worship, was a foole.

Lance. Hey, hey boyes, old *Vallentine* ifaith, the old boy still.

Vnc. Fie Cosen.

Val. I meane besotted to his state, he had never left mee the misery of so much meanes else, which till I sold was a meere meagrome to me: If you will talke, turne out these tenements, they are as killing to my nature Vncle, as water to a feaver.

Lance. We will goe, but it is like Rammes to come againe the stronger, and you shall keepe your state:

Val. Thou lyest, I will not.

Lance. Sweete sir, thou lyest, thou shalt, and so good morrow. *Exeunt Tennants.*

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding, now to your businesse Vncle.

Vnc. To your state then.

Val, Tis gone, and I am glad on't, name it no more, tis that I pray against, and heaven has heard mee, I tell you sir, I am more fearefull of it, I meane of thinking of more lands, or livings, then sickely men are travelling a Sundaies, for being queld with Carryers out upont *caveat emptor*, let the foole out sweat it that thinkes he has got a catch ont.

Vnc. This is madnesse to be a willfull begger.

Val. I am mad then and so I meane to be, will that content you, how bravely now I live, how jocund, how neare the first inheritance, without feares, how free from title troubles.

Vnc. And from meanes too.

Val. Meanes, why all good men's my meanes, my wits my plow, the Townes my flock, Tavernes my standing house, and all the world knowes theres no want; all Gentlemen that

love ſociety, love me; all purſes that wit and pleaſure opēns, are my Tennants; every mans clothes fit me, the next faire lodging, is but my next remoove, and when I pleaſe to remoove; and when I pleaſe to be more eminent, and take the aire, a peece, is levied, and a Coach prepared, and I goe I care not whether, what neede ſtate here.

Vnc. But ſay theſe meanes were honeſt, will they laſt ſir.

Val. Far longer then your jerkin, and weare fairer, ſhould I take ought of you, tis true, I begd now, or which is worſe then that, I ſtole a kindneſſe, and which is worſt of all, I loſt my way int, your mindes encloſed, nothing lies open nobly, your very thoughts are hid, that worke on nothing but daily ſweate, and trouble: were my way ſo full of dirt as this, tis true I ſhifted; are my acquaintance Graſiers: but ſir, know no man that I am allyed too, in my living, but makes it equal, whether his owne uſe, or my neceſſity pull firſt, nor is this forc'd, but the meere quallity and poyſure of goodneſſe, and doe you thinke I venter nothing equall.

Vnc. You poſe me Coſen.

Val. Whats my knowledge Vncle, iſt not worth money, whats my underſtanding, my travell, reading, wit, all theſe digeſted, my daily making men, ſome to ſpeake, that too much flegme had frozen up, ſome other that ſpoke too much to hold their peace, and put their tongues to penſions, ſome to weare their clothes, and ſome to keepe um, theſe are nothing Vncle; beſides theſe wayes, to teach the way of nature, a manly love, community to all that are deſervers, not examining how much, or whats done for them, tis wicked, and ſuch a one like you, chewes his thoughts double, making um onely food for his repentance.

Enter two ſervants.

1. *Ser.* This cloake and hat ſir, and my Maſters love.

Val. Commend's to thy Maſter, and take that, and leave um at my lodging.

1. *Ser.* I ſhall doe it ſir.

Val. I doe not thinke of theſe things:

2. *Ser.* Pleaſe you ſir, I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me, drinke that and commend me to thy Maſter,

ster; lookē you Vnclē, doe I begge these:

Vnc. No sure tis your worth sir.

Val. Tis like enough, but pray satisfie mē, are not these wayes as honest as persecuting the starved inheritance, with musty Corne, the very rats were faine to run away from, or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices, which Gentlemen doe after burne byth ounces, doe not I know your way of feeding beasts, with graines, and windy stuffe, to blow up butchers, your racking pastures, that have eaten up as many singing Shepherds, and their issues, as *Andeluria* breedes; these are authentique, I tell you sir, I would not change wayes with you, unlesse it were to sell your state, that houre, and if it were possible to spend it then too, for all your Beanes in *Rumnillo*, now you know me.

Vnc. I would you knew your selfe, but since you are growne such a strange enemy, to all that fits you, give mee leave to make your brothers fortune.

Val. How?

Vnc. From your morgage, which yet you may recovēr, Ile finde the meanes.

Val. Pray save your labour sir, my brother and my selfe, will runne one fortune, and I thinke what I hold a meere vexation, cannot be safe from him, I love him better, he has wit at will, the world has meanes, hee shall live without this tricke of state, we are heires both, and all the world before us.

Vnc. My last offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What ist, and then Ile answer.

Vnc. What thinke you of a Wife yet to restore you, and tell me seriously without these trifles.

Val. And you can finde one, that can please my fancy, you shall not finde me stubborne.

Vnc. Speake your woman.

Val. One without eyes, that is selfe commendations, for when they finde they are handsome, they are unholsome, one without eares, not giving time to flatterers, for shee that heares her selfe commended, wavers, and points men out a way to make um wicked, one without substance of her selfe,

that

that woman without the pleasure of her life, thats wanton, though she be young, forgetting it, though faire, making her glasse the eyes of honest men, not her owne admiration, all her ends obedience all her houres new blessings, if there may be such a woman.

Vnc. Yes there may be.

Val. And without state too.

Vnc. You are disposed to trifle, well, fare you well sir, when you want me next, youle seeke me out a better fence.

Val. Farewell Vncle, and as you love your estate, let not me heare on't.

Vnc. It shall not trouble you, Ile watch him still,
And when his friends fall of, then bend his will. *Exit.*

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadnesse now, your sister has ingrost all the brave lovers.

Isab. Shee has wherewithall, much good may doe her, prethee speake softly, we are open to mens eares:

Luce. Feare not, we are safe, we may see all that passe, heare all, and make our selves merry with their language, and yet stand undiscovered, bee not melancholly, you are as faire as shee.

Isab. Who I, I thanke you, I am as hastie ordain'd mee, a thing slubberd, my sister is a goodly portly Lady, a woman of a presence, she spreads latten, as the Kings ships doe canvas, every where she may spare me her misen, and her bonnets strike her maine petticoate, and yet outsaile me, I am a Carvell to her.

Luce. But a tight one:

Isab. She is excellent, well built too.

Luce. And yet shees old.

Isab. Shee never saw above one voyage *Luce*, and credit me after another, her hull will serve againe, and a right good Merchant, shee plaies and sings too, dances and discourses, comes very neere essaies a pretty poet, begins to piddle with Philosophie, a subtill Chimicke wench, and can extract the spirit of mens estates, she has the light before her, and cannot misse her choice, for me tis reason, I waite my meane fortune.

Luce

Luce. You are so bashfull.

Isab. It is not at first word up and ride, thou art cosend, that would shew mad I faith, besides, wee lose the meane part of our polliticke government, if we become provokers, then wee are faire, and fit for mens imbraces, when like townes, they lie before us ages, yet not carried, hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too with the losse of honour, and march oft with our faire wedding Colours flying, who are these?

Enter Franc. and Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.

Isab. Prethee peace then, a well bult Gentleman.

Luce. But poorely thatcht.

Lance. Has he devoured you too?

Fran. Has gulpt me downe *Lance.*

Lance. Left you no meanes to study.

Fran. Not a farthing: dispatcht my poore annuity I thanke him, heres all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings.

Lan. You are fit for great mens services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'le take me, thus mens miseries are now accounted staines in their natures, I have travelled, and I have studyed long, observed all kingdomes, know all the promises of Art and manners, yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter, I shall not thrive, all these are but vaine Studies, art thou so rich as to get me a lodging *Lance.*

Lan. Ile sell the titles of my house else, my Horse, my Hawke, nay 'sdeath Ile pawne my wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*, that I should see your Fathers house fall thus.

Isab. An honest fellow.

Lan. Your Fathers house, that fed me, that bred up all my name.

Isab. A gratefull fellow.

Lan. And fall by.

Fran. Peace, I know you are angry *Lance*, but I must not heare with whom, he is my brother, & though you hold him slight, my most deare brother: A gentleman excepting some few rubbes, he were too excellent to live here else, fraughted as deepe with noble and brave parts, issues of a noble and manly spirit as any he a live, I must not heare you, though I

am miserable, and he made me so, yet still he is my brother, still I love him, and to that tye of blood linke my affections.

Isab. A noble nature, dost thou know him *Luce*?

Luce. No Mistresse.

Isab. Thou shouldest ever know such good men, what a faire body, and a mind, are married there together; did he not say he wanted,

Luce. Whats that to you?

Isab. Tis true, but tis great pitty.

Luce. How she changes, ten thousand more than he, as handsome men too.

Isab. Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman among ten thousand thousand, is there no knowing him; why should he want? fellowes of no merit, slight and puft soules, that walke like shadowes, by leaving no print of what they are, or poise, let them complaine.

Luce. Her colour changes strangely.

Isab. This man was made, to mark his wants to waken us, alas poore Gentleman, but will that fledge him, keepe him from cold, beleeve me he is well bred, and cannot be but of a noble linnage, mark him, and marke him well.

Luce. 'Is a hansome man.

Isab. The sweetnesse of his suffrance sets him off, O *Luce*, but whether goe I.

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Isa. I would he had what I can spare.

Luce. Tis charitable.

Lance. Come sir, Ile see you lodged, you have tied my tongue fast, Ile steale before you want, tis but a hanging.

Isab. Thats a good fellow too, an honest fellow, why, this would move a stone, I must needes know; but that some other time. *Exit Lance, and Fran.*

Luce. Is the winde there? that makes for me.

Isab. Come, I forgot a businesse.

Actus

Actus 2. *Scena* 1.

Enter Widdow and Luce.

Wid. MY sister, and a woman of so base a pitty, what was the fellow?

Luce. Why an ordinary man Madam.

Wid. Poore?

Luce. Poore enough, and no man knowes from whence neither.

Wed. What could she see?

Luce. Onely his misery, for else she might behold a hundred handsumer.

Wid. Did she change much.

Luce. Extreamely, when he spoke, and then her pitty like an Orator, I feare her love framed such a commendation, and followed it so farre, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers, that shee must doate upon afflictions: why do's shee not goe romage all the Prisons, and there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonnesse, and flie her honour, common both to beggery; did she speake to him?

Luce. No, hee saw us not, but ever since, she hath beene mainely troubled.

Wid. Was he young?

Luce. Yes young enough.

Wid. And looked he like a gentleman.

Luce. Like such a Gentleman, would pawne ten oathes for twelve pence.

Wid. My sister, and sinke basely; this must not be, do's she use meanes to know him?

Luce. Yes Madam, and has employed a Squire called *Shorthose*.

Wid. O thats a precious Knave, keepe all this private, but still be neere her lodging; *Luce* what you can gather by any meanes, let me understand, Ile stoppe her heate, and turne her charitie another way, to blesse her selfe first, be still close to

her Councells, a begger and a ſtranger, theres a bleſſednesse, Ile none of that; I have a toy yet ſiſter, ſhall tell you this is foule, and make you find it, and for your paines take you the laſt gowne I wore, this makes me mad, but I ſhall force a remedy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fountaine, Bellamore, Harebraine, Vallentine.

Foun. Sirra, we have ſo lookt thee, and long'd for thee, this Widdow is the ſtrangeſt thing, the ſtatelieſt, and ſtands ſo much upon her excellencies.

Bella. She has put us off this moneth now, for an anſwer.

Hare. No man muſt viſit her, nor looke upon her, not ſay good morrow nor good even, till thats paſt.

Vall. She has found what dough you are made of, and ſo kneads you, are you good at nothing, but theſe aftergames, I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, theſe widdowes. *Hare.* If we had um.

Val. Why the devill has not craft enough to woe um, there be three kindes of fooles, marke this note gentlemen, marke it, and underſtand it.

Fount. Well, goe forward.

Val. An Innocent, a Knave foole, a foole politicke: the laſt of which are lovers, widdow lovers.

Bella. Will you allow no Fortune?

Val. No ſuch blind one.

Fount. We gave you reaſons, why twas needfull for us.

Val. As you are thoſe fooles, I did allow thoſe reaſons, but as my Schollers and companions damn'd um, doe you know what it is to wooe a widdow, anſwer me coolely now, and underſtandingly.

Hare. Why to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

Val. Why there you are fooles ſtill, craftie to catch your ſelves, pure polliticke fooles, I lookt for ſuch an anſwer, once more heare me, it is to wed a widdow, to be doubted mainely, whether the ſtate you have be yours or no, are thoſe old bootes you ride in, marke me, widdowes are long extents in Law upon newes, livings upon their bodies winding-ſheetes, they that enjoy um, lie but with dead mens monuments, and beget onely their owne ill Epitaphs, Is not this

plaine

plaine now?

Bel. Plaine ſpoken.

Val. And plaine truth, but if you'le needes doe things of danger, doe but looſe your ſelves, not any part concernes your underſtandings, for then you are Meacockes, fooles, and miſerable, march of a maine, within an inch of a Fircug, turne me oth' toe like a Weathercocke, kill every day a Sergeant for a twelve moneth, robbe the Exchequor, and burne all the roules, and theſe will make a ſhew.

Hare. And theſe are trifles.

Val. Conſidered to a Widdow, emptie nothing, for here you venture but your perſons, there the varniſh of your perſons, your diſcretions, why tis a monſtrous thing to marry at all, eſpecially as now tis made, me thinkes a man, an underſtanding man, is more wiſe to me, and of a nobler tie, than all theſe trinkets, what doe we get by women, but our ſenſes, which is the rankeſt part about us ſatisfied, and when thats done what are we? Creſt falne cowards, what benefite can children be, but charges and diſobedience, whats the love they render at one and twentie yeares; I pray die father; when they are young, they are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noiſe, and giddineſſe, and come to yeares once, there droppes a ſonne, byth' ſword in's Miſtreſſes quarrell, a great joy to his parents: a daughter ripe too, growes high and luſtie in her blood, muſt have a heating, runnes away with a ſupple hand Servingman, his twentie nobles ſpent, takes to a trade, and learnes to ſpinne mens haire off; theres another, and moſt are of this nature, will you marry?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feele yet.

Val. And this ſame Widdow?

Fount. If I may, and me thinkes, how ever you are pleaſed to diſpute theſe dangers, ſuch a warme match, and for you ſir, were not hurtfull.

Val. Not halfe ſo killing as for you, for mee ſhee cannot with all the Art ſhee has, make mee more miſerable, or much more fortunate, I have no ſtate left, a benefit that none of you can bragge of, and theres the Antidote againſt a Widdow, nothing to loſe, but that my ſoule

inherits, which shee can neither law nor claw away to that, but little flesh, it were too much else; and that unholsome too, it were too rich else; and to all this contempt of what shee do's I can laugh at her teares, neglect her angers, heare her without a faith, so pitty her as if shee were a traytor, moane her person, but deadly hate her pride; if you could doe these, and had but this discretion and like fortune, it were but an equall venture.

Fount. This is mallice.

Val. When shee lies with your land, and not with you, growes great with joyntures, and is brought to bed with all the state you have, you'le finde this certaine; but is it come to passe you must marry, is there no buffe will hold you.

Bel. Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer evill, take a maide, a maide not worth a penny; make her yours, knead her, and mould her yours, a maide worth nothing, theres a vertuous spell, in that word nothing; a maide makes conscience of halfe a crowne a weeke for pinnes and puppits, a maide content with one Coach and two horses, not falling out because they are not matches; with one man satisfied, with one raine guided, with one faith, one content, one bed, aged shee makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue; a Widdow is a Christmas box that sweepes all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot sinke us.

Val. You are my friends, and all my loving friends, I spend your money, yet I deserve it too, you are my friendes still, I ride your horses, when I want I sell um; I eate your meate, helpe to weare her linnen, sometimes I make you drunke, and then you seale, for which Ile doe you this commoditie, be ruled, and let me try her, I will discover her, the truth is, I will never leave to trouble her, till I see through her, then if I finde her worthy.

Hare. This was our meaning *Valentine.*

Val. Tis done then, I must want nothing.

Hare. Nothing but the woman.

Val. No jealousie, for when I marry, the devill must be wiser than I take him; and the flesh foolisher, comes lets to dinner,

dinner, and when I am well whetted with wine, have at her.

Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Isa. But art thou sure.

Luce. No suerer then I heard.

Hare. That it was that flouting fellowes brother.

Luce. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

Hare. He did search out the truth.

Luce. It seemes he did.

Hare. Prethee *Luce*, call him hether, if he be no worse, I never repent my pitty, now sirra, what was he wee sent you after, the Gentleman ith blacke.

Enter Shorthose.

Short. Ith torne blacke.

Isa. Yes, the same sir.

Short. What would your Worship with him.

Isa. Why my worship would know his name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing, he is a man, and yet he is no man.

Isa. You must needes play the foole:

Short. Tis my profession.

Isa. How is he a man, and no man.

Short. Hees a begger, onely the signe of a man, the bush puld downe, which showes the house stands emptie.

Isa. Whats his calling?

Short. They call him begger:

Isa. Whats his kindred:

Short. Beggers.

Isa. His worth.

Short. A learned begger, a poore Scholler:

Isa. How does he live.

Short. Like wormes, he eates old Bookes.

Isa. Is *Vallentine* his brother.

Short. His begging brother.

Isa. What may his name be?

Short. *Orson.*

Isa. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Isa.

Isa. Oncē more tell me his name directly:

Short. Ile be hangd first, unlesse I heard him Christnēd, but I can tell what foolish people call him.

Isa. What?

Short. *Franscisco.*

Isa. Where lies this learning sir?

Short. In *Paules* Church yard forsooth.

Isa. I meane that Gentleman, foole.

Short. O that foole, hee lies in loose sheetes every where, thats no where.

Luce. You have gleand since you camē to *London*, in the Countrey *Shorthose*, you were an arrant foole, a dull cold coxcombe, here every Taverne teaches you, the pint pot has so belaboured you, with wit, your brave acquaintance that gives you ale, so fortified your mazard, that now theres no talking to you.

Isa. Is much improvēd, a fellow, a fine discourser.

Short. I hope so, I have not waited at the taile of wit, so long to be an asse.

Luce. But say now *Shorthose*, my Lady should remoove into the Countrie.

Short. I had as leeve she should remoovē to heavēn, and as soone I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchovēs, nor Master such a one, to meete at the Rose, and bring my Lady such a ones chiefe Chambermaide.

Isa. No bouncing healths to this brave Lad, deare *Shorthose*, nor downe oth knees to that illustrious Lady.

Luce. No fidles, nor no lusty noyse of drawer, carry this pottle to my father, *Shorthose.*

Isa. No playēs, nor gally foistes, no strange Embassadors to runne and wonder at, till thou beest oyle, and then come home againe, and lye bith Legend.

Luce. Say she should goe.

Short. If I say so, Ile bee hangd first, or if I thought shee would goe:

Luce. What?

Short. I would goe with her.

Luce.

Luce. But *Short* thoſe, where thy heart is:

Iſa. Doe not fright him.

Luce. By this hand Miſtris tis a noyſe, a loud one too, and from her owne mouth, preſently to be gone too, but why, or to what end?

Short. May not a man dye firſt, ſheele give him ſo much time.

Iſa. Gone oth' ſudden; thou doſt but jeſt, ſhee muſt not mocke the Gentlemen.

Luce. She has put them off a moneth, they dare not ſee her, beleeve me Miſtris, what I heare I tell you.

Iſa. Is this true wench, gone on ſo ſhort a warning, what tricke is this, ſhe never told me of it, it muſt not be: ſirra, attend me preſently, you know I have beene a carefull friend unto you, attend me in the hall, and next be faithfull, cry not, we ſhall not goe.

Short. Her Coach may cracke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vallentine, Franciſco, and Lance.

Vall. Which way to live, how dareſt thou come to towne, to aske ſuch an idle queſtion.

Fran. Me thinkes tis neceſſary, unleſſe you could reſtore that annuity you have tippled up in Tavernes:

Val, Where haſt thou beene, and how brought up *Franſciſco*, that thou talkeſt thus out of *France*, thou wert a pretty fellow, and of a hanſome knowledge; who has ſpoyld thee:

Lan. He that has ſpoyld himſelfe, to make himſelfe ſport, and by his Coppie, will ſpoile all comes neere him, buy but a glaſſe, if you be yet ſo wealthy, and looke there who?

Val. Well ſaid old Coppihold.

Lan. My hearts good freehold ſir, and ſo youle finde it, this Gentleman your brother, your hopefull brother, for there is no hope of you, uſe him thereafter:

Val. Ene aſwell as I uſe my ſelfe, what wouldſt thou have *Francke*.

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound:

Lan. Harke what he ſaies to you, O try your wits, they ſay you are excellent at it, for your land has laine long bed rid, and unſenſible.

Fran. And Ile forget all wrongs, you see my state, and to what wretchednesse, your will has brought me; but what it may be, by this benefit, if timely done, and like a noble brother, both you and I may feele, and to our comforts:

Val. (A hundred pound) dost thou know what thou hast said boy:

Fran. I said a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more, then any man can justifie beleeve it, procure a hundred pounds, I say to thee, theres no such summe in nature, fortie shillings there may be now ith Mint, and thats a treasure, I have seene five pound, but let me tell it, and tis as wonderfull, as Calves with five legges, heeres five shillings *Francke*, the harvest of five weekes, and a good crop too, take it, and pay thy first fruites, Ile come downe and eate it out.

Fran. Tis patience must meete with you sir, not love.

Lan. Deale roundly, and leave these fiddle faddles:

Val. Leave thy prating, thou thinkest thou art a notable wise fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow hawke; two of the reverent.

Lan. I thinke you are mad, or if you be not will be, with the next moone, what would you have him doe.

Val. How?

Lan. To get money first, thats to live, you have shewed him how to want.

Val. Slife, how doe I live, why, what dull foole would aske that question, three hundred three pilds more, I and live bravely, the better halfe oth towne, and live most gloriously, aske them what states they have, or what annuities, or when they pray for seasonable harvests, thou hast a handsome wit, stirre into the world, *Francke*, stirre, stirre, for shame, thou art a pretty Scholler, aske how to live, write, write, write any thing, the worlds a fine beleeving world, write newes.

Lan. Dragons in *Sussex* sir, or fierie battles seene in the aire at *Aspurge*.

Val. Theres the way *Francke*, and in the taile of these, fright me the Kingdome with a sharpe Prognostication, that shal scowre them, dearth upon dearth, like leven taffaties, pre-

dictions

dictions of Sea breaches, warres, and want of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

Lan. Whirle windes, that shall take of the toppe of *Grantam* steeple, and clap it on *Poules*, and after these, a Lenvoy to the Citty for their sinnes.

Val. Probatum est, thou canst not want a pension, go switch me up a Covey of ycung Schollers, theres twenty nobles, and two loades of coales, are not these ready wayes. Cosmography thou art deepely read in, draw me a mappe from the Mermaide, I meane a midnighe mappe to scape the watches, and such long senceleſſe examinations, and Gentlemen shall feede thee, right good Gentlemen, I cannot stay long.

Lan. You have read learnedly, and would you have him follow these megeras, did you beginne with ballads.

Fran. Well, J will leave you, J see my wants are growne ridiculous, yours may be so, I will not curse you neither; you may thinke, when these wanton fits are over, who bred me, and who ruined me, looke to your selfe sir, a providence J waite on.

Val. Thou art passionate, hast thou beene brought up with girles.

Enter Shorthose with a bagge.

Short. Rest you merry Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let mee take a view of you, I may put my spoone into the wrong pottage pot else.

Val. Why wilt thou muster us.

Short. No you are not he, you are a thought too hansome.

Lan. Who wouldst thou speake withall, why doest thou peepe so?

Short. I am looking birds nests, I can findē none in your bush beard, J would speake with you blacke Gentleman.

Fran. With me my friend.

Short. Yes sure, and the best friend sir, it seemes you spake withall this twelve moneths Gentleman, theres money for you.

Val. How?

Short. Theres none for you sir, be not so briefe, not a penny,

law how he itches at it, ſtand of, you ſtirre my colour.

Lan. Take it, tis money.

Short. You are too quicke too, firſt be ſure you have it, you ſeeme to be a Faulckoner, but a fooliſh one.

Lan. Take it, and ſay nothing:

Short. You are coſend too, tis take it, and ſpent it.

Fran. From whom came i. ſir.

Short. Such another word, and you ſhall have none ont.

Fran. I thanke you ſir, I doubly thanke you.

Short. Well ſir, then buy you better clothes, and get your hat dreſt, and your Laundreſſe to waſh your bootes white.

Fran. Pray ſtay ſir, may you not be miſtaken.

Short. I thinke I am, give me the money again, come quick, quicke, quicke.

Fran I would be loath to rẽnder, till I am ſure it bẽ ſo.

Short. Harke in your eare, is not your name *Franſciſco*.

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then, it may thunder a hundred times, before ſuch ſtones fall; doe not you neede it.

Fran. Yes.

Short. And tis thought you have it.

Fran. I thinke I have.

Short. Then hold it faſt, tis not flyblowne, you may pay for the poundage, you forget your ſelfe, I have not ſeene a Gentleman ſo backward, a wanting Gentleman.

Fran. Your mercy ſir.

Short. Freind you have mercy, a whole bagge full of mercy, be merry with it, and be wiſe.

Fran. I would faine if it pleaſe you, but know.

Short. It does not pleaſe me, tell over your money and be not mad boy.

Val. You have no more ſuch bagges:

Short. More ſuch there are ſir, but few I feare for you, I have caſt your water, you have wit you need no money. *Exit*

Lan. Be not amazed ſir tis good gold, good old gold, this is reſtorative, and in good time, it comes to doe you good, keepe it and uſe it, let honeſt fingers feele it, yours be too quicke ſir.

Fran. He named me, and he gave it me, but from whom.

Lance.

Lan. Let um send more, and then examine it, this can be but a preface.

Fran. Being a stranger, of whom can I deserve this.

Lan. Sir, if any man that has but eyes, and manly understanding to finde mens wants, good men are bound to doe so.

Val. Now you see *Francke*, there are more waies then certainties, now you beleeve: What plow brought you this harvest, what sale of timber, coales, or what annuities, these feede no hindes, nor waite the expectation of quarter dayes, you see it showers into you, you are an asse, lie plodding, and lie fooleing, about this blazing starre, and that bo peepe, whyneing, and fasting, to finde the naturall reason why a dogge turnes twice about before he lie downe, what use of these, or what joy in annuities, where every mans thy studdy, and thy tennant, I am ashamed on thee:

Lan. Yes I have seene this fellow, theres a wealthy Widdow hard by. *Val.* Yes marry is there.

Lan. I thinke hees her servant, I am colend if after her, I am sure ont.

Fran. I am glad ont.

Lan. Shees a good woman.

Fran. I am gladder:

Lan. And young enough beleeve.

Fran. I am gladder of all sir.

Val. Franck, you shall lye with me soone.

Fran. I thanke my money:

Lan. His money shall lie with mee, three in a bed sir will be too much this weather. (things ——

Val. Meete me at the Mermaide, and thou shalt see what

Lan. Trust to your selfe sir. *Exeunt Fran. and Val.*

Enter Fount. Bella. and Vallentine.

Fount. O *Vallentine.*

Val. How now, why doe you looke so.

Bella. The Widdowes going man.

Val. Why let her goe man.

Hare. Shees going out oth Towne.

Val. The Townes the happier, I would they were all gone

Fount. We cannot come to speake with her.

Val. Not to speake to her.

Bel. She will be gone within this houre, either now *Valle.*

Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good *Vall*;

Val. I had rather march ith mouth oth Cannon, but adiew, if she be above ground, goe, away to your praiers, away I say, away, she shall be spoken withall. *Exeunt*

Enter Shorthose with one boote on, Roger & Humphrey.

Rog. She will goe *Shorthose.*

Short. Who can helpe it *Roger*?

Within Raphe. *Roger* helpe downe with the hangings.

Rog. By and by *Raph*, I am making up oth trunckes here.

Raph. Shorthose.

Short. Well.

Raph. Who lookes to my Ladies Wardrobe? *Humphrey.*

Hum. Heere.

Raph. Downe with the boxes in the gallery, and bring away the Coach Cushions.

Short. Will it not raine, no conjuring abroad, nor no devises to stop this journey.

Rog. Why goe now, why now, why oth sudden, now what preparation, what horses have we ready, what provision laid in ith Country.

Hum. Not an egge I hope.

Rog. No nor one drop of good drink boyes, ther's the devil.

Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty, and then we must (come up againe.

Hum What saies the Steward?

Rog. Hees at's wits end, for some foure houres since, out of his haste and providence, he mistooke the Millers maunjey mare, for his owne nagge.

Short. And she may breake his necke, and save the journey, oh *London* how I love thee.

Hum. I have no bootes, nor none Ile buy (or if I had) refuse me if I would venture my abillity, before a cloake bagge, men are men.

Short. For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be aimed at, to carry any durty dairy creame pot, or any gentle Lady of the Laundry, chambring, or wantonnesse behinde my gelding, with all her streamers, knapsackes, glasses, gugawes,

gawes, as if I were a running flippery, Ile give um leave to cut my girts, and flay me. Ile not be troubled with their diſtibations, at every halfe miles end, I underſtand my ſelfe, and am reſolved.

Hum. To morrow night at *Olivers*, who ſhalbe there boyes, who ſhall meete the wenchies.

Reg. The well brued ſtand of Ale, we ſhould have met at.

Short. Theſe griefes like to another tale of *Troy*, would mollifie the hearts of barbarous people, and Tom Butcher weepe *Eneas enters*, and now the townes loſt.

Ral. Why whether run you, my Lady is mad.

Short. I would ſhe were in Bedlam.

Ral. The carts are come, no hands to helpe to load um, the ſtuffe lies in the hall, the plate:

Within Widdow. Why knaves there, where be theſe idle ſellowes

Short. Shall I ride with one boote.

Wid. Why where I ſay:

Ral. Away, away, it muſt be ſo.

Short. O for a tickling ſtorme, to laſt but ten dayes. *Exeunt*

Actus 3. *Scæn*, 1.

Enter Iſabella and Luce.

Luce. BY my troth Miſtris I did it for the beſt:

Iſa. It may be ſo, but *Luce*, you have a tongue: a diſh of meate in your mouth, which if it were minced *Luce*, would doe a great deale better.

Luc. I proteſt Miſtreſſe.

Iſa. It will be your owne one time or other: *Walter.*

Walter within: Anon forſooth.

Iſa. Lay my hat ready, my fanne and cloake, you are ſo full of providence; and *Walter*, tucke up my little box behinde the Coach, and bid my maide make ready, my ſweete ſervice to your good Lady Miſtreſſe; and my dog, good let the Coachman carry him.

Luc. But heare me.

Iſa. I am in love ſweete *Luce*, and you are ſo skillfull, that I

muſt

must needes undoe my selfe; and heare me, let *Oliver* packe up my glasse discreetly, and see my Curles well carried, O sweete *Luce*, you have a tongue, and open tongues have open you know what *Luce*.

Luce. Pray you be satisfied.

Isa. Yes and contented too, before I leave you: theres a *Roger*, which some call a Butcher, I speake of certainties, I doe not fish *Luce*, nay doe not stare, I have a tongue can talke too: and a greene Chamber *Luce*, a backe doore opens to a long gallery; there was a night *Luce*, doe you perceive, dee you perceive me yet: O doe you blush *Luce*: a Friday night I saw your Saint *Luce*; for tother box of Marmaladde, alls thine sweete *Roger*, this I heard and kept too.

Luce. Ene as you are a woman Mistresse.

Isa. This I allow as good and physicall sometimes these meetings, and for the cheering of the heart; but *Luce*, to have your owne turne served, and to your friend to be a dogbolt.

Luce. I confesse it Mistresse.

Isa. As you have made my sister Iealous of me and foolishly, and childishly pursued it, I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes, for which mine honour suffers, your best wayes must be applied to bring her backe againe, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have a meanes to cleare my selfe, and she a faire opinion of me, else you perish —

Luce. My power and prayers Mistresse.

Isa. Whats the matter.

Enter Shorthose and Widdow.

Short. I have beene with the Gentleman, he has it, much good may doe him with it.

Wid. Come are you ready, you love so to delay time, the day growes on.

Isa. I have sent for a few triffles, when those are come; And now I know your reason.

Wid. Know your owne honour then, about your businesse, see the Coach ready presently, Ile tell you more then;

Exit Luce and Shorthose.

And understand it well, you must not thinke my sister, so tender

tender eyed as not to see your follies, alas I know your heart, and must imagine, and truely too; tis not your charitie can coyne such sums to give a way as you have done, in that you have no wisedome *Isabel*, no nor modestie where nobler uses are at home; I tell you, I am ashamed to finde this in your yeares, farre more in your discretion, none to chuse but things for pittie, none to seale your thoughts on, but one of no abiding, of no name; nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger: A jolly Ioyntute sister, you are happy, no mony, no not tenne shillings.

Isa. You search nearely.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one that know not where he shall eate his next meale, take his rest, unlesse it be in th stockes; what kindred has he, but a more wanting brother, or what vertues.

Isa. You have had rare intelligence, I see sister.

Wid. Or say the man had vertue, is vertue in this age a full inheritance: what Ioynture can he make you, *Plutarchs Moralls*, or so much peenny rent in the small pots, this is not well, tis weake, and I grive to know it.

Isa. And this you quit the towne for.

Wid. Is not time.?

Isa. You are better read in my affaires than I am, thats all I have to answer, Ile goe with you, and willingly, and what you thinke most dangerous, Ile sit and laugh at. For sister tis not folly but good discretion governes our maine fortunes.

Wid. I am glad to heare you say so.

Isa. I am for you.

Enter Shorthose and Humphrey with riding rods.

Hum. The devill cannot stay her, she'le ont, eate an egge now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gaulled already, yet I will pray may London wayes from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches cracke their wheeles, may zealous Smithes so housell all our Hackneyes, that they may feele compunction in their feete, and tire at Highgate, may it raine above all Almanackes till carriers faile, and the Kings Fishmonger ride like *Bike Arion* up-

on a Trout to London.

Hum. At S. *Albones*, let all the Innes be drunke, not an Hoſt ſober to bid her worſhip welcome.

Short. Not a Fiddle, but all preacht downe with Puritans; no meate but legges of beefe.

Hum. No beds but Woollpackes.

Short. And thoſe ſo crammed with warrens of ſtarved Fleas that bite like bandogges: let *Mims* be angry at their S. Bellſwagger, and we paſſe in the heate ont and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten horſe andman, and all my Ladies linnen ſprinkled with ſuddes and diſhwater.

Short. Not a wheele but out of joynt.

Enter Roger laughing.

Hum. Why doſt thou laugh.

Rog. Theres a Gentleman, and the rareſt Gentleman, and makes the rareſt ſport. *Short.* Where, where?

Rog. Within here, has made the gayeſt ſport with *Tom* the Coachman, ſo tewed him up with ſacke that hee lies laſhing a butt of Malmſie for his Mates.

Short. Tis very good.

Rog. And talkes and laughes, and ſinges the rareſt ſongs, and *Short* thoſe, he has ſo mauld the red Deere pies, made ſuch an almes ith butterie.

Short. Better ſtill. *Enter Vall. Widdow.*

Hum. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman.

Short. May he anger her into a feather. *Exeunt.*

Wid. I pray tell me, who ſent you hether? for I imagine it is not your condition you looke ſo temperately, and like a Gentleman, to aske me theſe milde queſtions.

Val. Doe you thinke I uſe to walke of errands gentle Lady, or deale with women out of dreames from others.

Wid. You have not knowne me ſure?

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reaſon have you then to be ſo tender of my credit, you are no kinſman.

Val. If you take it ſo, the honeſt office that I came to doe you, is not ſo heavy but I can returne it: now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my viſit.

Wid.

Wid. Pray ſtay, alittle proud.

Val. Monſtrous proud, I grieve to heare a woman of your value, and your abundant parts ſtung by the people, but now I ſee tis true, you looke upon me as if I were a rude and ſawcie fellow that borrowed all my breeding from a dunghill, or ſuch a one, as ſhould now fall and worſhip you in hope of pardon: you are coſen'd Lady, I came to prove opinion a loud lier, to ſee a woman onely great in goodneſſe, and Miſtreſſe of a greater fame than fortune, but ——

Wid. You are a ſtrange Gentleman, if I were proud now, I ſhould be monſtrous angry, which I am not, and ſhew the effects of pride; I ſhould diſpiſe you, but you are welcome ſir: To thinke well of our ſelves, if we deſerve it, is a luſter in us, and every good we have, ſtrives to ſhow gracious, what uſe is it elſe, old age like Seer trees, is ſeldome ſeene affected, ſtirs ſometimes at rehearſall of ſuch acts his daring youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well, and now you ſpeake to the purpoſe, you pleaſe me, but to be place proud:

Wid. If it be our owne, why are we ſet here with diſtinction elſe, degrees, and orders given us, in you, men, tis held a coolenſſe if you loſe your right afronts, and loſſe of honour: ſtreetes, and walls, and upper ends of tables, had they tongues could tell what blood has followed, and what fude about your rankes; are we ſo much below you, that till you have us, are the toppes of nature, to be accounted drones, without a difference, you will make us beaſts indeed.

Val. Nay worſe then this too, proud of your cloathes, they ſweare a Mercers Lucifer, a tumor tackt together by a Taylor, nay yet worſe, proud of red and white, a varniſh that buttermilke can better.

Wid. Lord how little will vex theſe poore blinde people, if my cloathes be ſometimes gay and glorious, does it follow my minde muſt be my Mercers too, or ſay my beauty pleaſe ſome weake eyes, muſt it pleaſe them to thinke that blowes mee up, that every houre blowes of: this is an Infants anger.

Val. Thus they ſay too, what though you have a Coach

lined through with velvet and foure faire Flaunders Mares, why should the streets be troubled continually with you, till Carmen curse you, can there be ought in this but pride of shew Lady, and pride of bum-beating, till the learned lawyers with their fat bagges, are thrust against the bulkes till all their Cases cracke; why should this Lady, and tother Lady, and the third sweete Ladie, and Madam at mile end, be dailie visited, and your poorer neighbours, with course napses neglected, fashions conferd about, pouncings, and paintings, and young mens bodies read on like Anotamies.

Wid. You are very credulous, and somewhat desperate to deliver this sir, to her you know not, but you shall confesse me, and finde I will not start; in us all meetings lie open to these leud reports, and our thoughts at Church, our very meditations some will sweare, which all should feare to judge, at least uncharitably, are mingled with your memories, cannot sleepe, but this sweet Gentleman swimmes in our fancies, that scarlet man of warre, and that smooth Senior; not dresse our heads without new ambushes how to surprise that greatnesse or that glory; our very smiles are subject to constructions; nay sir, its come to this, we cannot pish, but tis a favour for some foole or other: should we examine you thus, wert not possible to take you without Prospectives.

Val. It may be, but these excuse not.

Wid. Nor yours force no truth sir, what deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues what hearts, and what inventions; ah my conscience, and 'twere not for sharpe justice, you would venture to aime at your owne mothers, and account it glory to say you had done so; all you thinke are Counsells and cannot erre, tis we still that shew double, giddie, or gorg'd with passion; we that build Babells for mens confusions, we that scatter as day do's his warme light; our killing curses over Gods creatures next to the devills mallice: lets intreate your good words.

Val. Well, this woman has a brave soule.

Wid. Are not we gaily blest then, and much beholding to you for your substance; you may doe what you list, we what beseemes us, and narrowly doe that too, and precisely, our

names

names are ſerved in elſe at Ordinaries, and belcht a broad in Tavernes.

Val. O moſt brave Wench, and able to redeeme an age of women.

Wid. You are no Whoremaſters, alas no Gentlemen, it were an impudencie to thinke you vicious; you are ſo holy, handſome Ladies fright you, you are the coole things of the time, the temperance, meere emblems of the Law, and vales of Vertue, you are not daily mending like Dutch Watches, & plaſtering like old walls; they are not Gentlemen, that with their ſecret ſinnes encreaſe our Surgeons, and lie in forraine Countries, for new ſores; women are all theſe vices; you are not envious, falſe, covetous, vaineglorious, irreligious, drunken, revengefull, giddie-eyed, like Parrats, eaters of others honours.

Val. You are angry.

Wid. No by my troth, and yet I could ſay more too, for when men make me angry, I am miſerable.

Val. Sure tis a man ſhe could not beare it thus bravely elſe, it may be I am tedious.

Wid. Not at all ſir, I am content at this time you ſhould trouble me.

Val. You are diſtruſtfull.

Wid. Where I finde no truth ſir.

Val. Come, come you are full of paſſion.

Wid. Some I have, I were too neere the nature a god elſe.

Val. You are monſtrous peeviſh.

Wid. Becauſe they are monſtrous fooliſh, and know not how to uſe that ſhould trie me.

Val. I was never anſwered thus, was you never drunke Lady?

Wid. No ſure, not drunke ſir? yet I love good wine as I love health and joy of heart, but temperately, why doe you aske that queſtion?

Val. For that ſinne that they moſt charge you with, is this ſinnes ſervant, they ſay you are moſtrous.

Wid. What ſir, what?

Val. Moſt ſtrangely.

Wid. It has a name ſure.

Val. Infinitly luſtfull, without all bounds, they ſweare you kild your husband.

Wid. Lets have it all for heavens ſake, tis good mirth ſir.

Val. They ſay you will have foure now, and thoſe foure ſtucke in foure quarters like foure windes to coole you; will ſhe not cry nor curſe?

Wid. On with your Story,

Val. And that you are forcing out of diſpenſations with ſummes of money to that purpoſe.

Wid. Foure husbands, ſhould not I be bleſt ſir; for example, Lord what ſhould I doe with them, turne a Malt mill, or tyth them out like towne Bulls to my tennants, you come to make me angry, but you cannot.

Val. Ile make you merry then, you are a brave woman, and in diſpite of envie a right one, goe thy wayes, truth thou art as good a woman, as any Lord of them all can lay his legge over, I doe not often commend your ſexe.

Wid. It ſeemes ſo, your commendations are ſo ſtudied for.

Val. I came to ſee you, and ſift you into flower, to know your pureneſſe, and I have found you excellent I thanke you; continue ſo, and ſhew men how to tread, and women how to follow: get an husband, an honeſt man, you are a good woman, and live hedg'd in from ſcandall, let him be too an underſtanding man, and to that ſteedfaſt; tis pittie your faire Figure ſhould miſcarrie, and then you are fixt, farewell.

Wid. Pray ſtay a little, I love your company now you are ſo pleaſant, and to my diſpoſition ſet ſo even.

Va. I can no longer. *Exit.*

Wid. As I live a fine fellow, this manly handſome bluntneſſe, ſhewes him honeſt; what is he, or from whence? bleſſe me, foure husbands, how prettily he fooled me into vices, to ſtirre my jealouſie and finde my nature, a proper Gentleman, I am not well oth' ſudden, ſuch a companion I could live and die with, his angers are meere mirth. *Enter Iſabella.*

Iſa. Come, come, I am ready.

Wit Are you ſo?

Iſa. What ailes ſhe, the Coach ſtaies, and the people, the day

day goes on, I am as ready now as you desire sister: fie, who stayes now, why doe you sit and poute thus.

Wid. Prethee be quiet, I am not well.

Isab. For heavens sake lets not ride staggering in the night, come, pray you take some sweete meates in your pocket, if your stomacke ——

Wid. I have a little businesse.

Isa. To abuse me, you shall not finde new dreames, and new suspitions, to horse withall.

Wid. Lord who made you a Commander: hay ho, my heart. *Isa.* Is the winde come thether, and coward like doe you lose your colours to um, are you sicke ath *Velentine*; sweete sister, come lets away, the countrey will so quicken you, and we shall live so sweetely: *Luce*, my Ladies cloake; nay, you have put me into such a gogge of going I would not stay for all the world; if I live here, you have so knocked this love into my head, that I shall love any body, and I finde my body, I know not how, so apt; pray lets be gone sister, I stand on thornes.

Wid. I prethee *Isabella*, I faith I have some businesse that concernes me, I will suspect no more, here, weare that for me, and Ile pay the hundred pound you owe your tayler.

Enter Shorthose 1. *Roger*, *Humphrey*, *Ralph*.

Isa. I had rather goe, but ——

Wid. Come walke within me, wēele goe to Cardes, unsadle the horses.

Short. A Iubile, a Iubile, wē stay boyes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vncle, *Lance*, *Fountaine*, *Bellamore*, *Harebraine following.*

Vnc. Are they behinde us.

Lance. Close, close, speake aloud sir.

Vnc. I am glad my nephew has so much discretion at length to finde his wants: did she entertaine him.

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome.

Vnc. For his owne sake doe you thinke.

Lance. Most certaine sir, and in his owne cause bestir'd himselfe too, and wan such liking from her, she dotes on him, has the command of all the house already.

Vnc. He deales not well with his friends.

Lance.

Lance. Let him deale on, and be his owne friend, hee has most neede of her. *Vnc.* I wonder they would put him.

Lance. You are in the right ont, a man that must raise himselfe, I knew he would cosen um, and glad I am he has, he watched occasion. and found it ith' nicke.

Unc. He has deceived me.

Lance. I told you howsoever he weel'd about, hee would charge whom at length, how I could laugh now, to thinke of these tame fooles,

Vnc. Twas not well done, because they trusted him, yet.

Bel. Harke you Gentlemen.

Vnc. We are upon a businesse, pray excuse us, they have it home. *Lanc.* Come let it worke good on Gentlemen.

Exit Vncle, Lance.

Fount. Tis true, he is a knave, I ever thought it.

Hare. And we are fooles, tame fooles.

Bel. Come lets goe seeke him, he shall be hang'd before he colt us basely. *Exit.* *Enter Isabella, Luce.*

Isa. Art sure she loves him.

Luce. Am I sure I live? And I have clap on such a commendation on your revenge.

Isa. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Luce. Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out.

Isa. He talkes the best they say, and yet the maddest.

Luce. Has the right way. *Isa.* How is she?

Luce. Beares it well, as if she cared not, but a man may see with halfe an eye through all her forced behaviours, and finde who is her *Vallantine*.

Isa. Come lets goe see her, I long to prosecute.

Luce. By no meanes Mistresse, let her take better hold first,

Isa. I could burst now. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vallentine, Fountaine, Bellamore, Harebraine.

Vall. Vpbraide me with your benefits, you Pilchers, you shotten, sold, slight fellowes, wast not I that undertooke you first from emptie barrells, and brought those barking mouthes that gaped like bung-holes to utter sence: where got you understanding? who taught you manners and apt

carriage

carriage to ranke your selves? who filed you in fit Tavernes, were those borne with your worships when you came hether? what brought you from the Universities of moment matter to allow you, besides your small bare sentences?

Bell. Tis well sir.

Val. Long cloakes with two hand-rapiers, boot-hoses with penny-poses, and twentie fooles opinions, who looked on you but piping rites that knew you would be prising, and Prentises in *Paules* Church-yard, that sented your want of *Brittanes* Bookes. *Enter Widdow, Luce, Harebraine.*

Fount. This cannot save you.

Val. Taunt my integretie you whelpes.

Bell. You may talke the stocke wee gave you out, but see no further.

Hare. You tempt our patience, we have found you out, and what your trust comes to, y'are well feathered, thanke us, and thinke now of an honest course, tis time; men now begin to looke, and narrowly into your tumbling trickes, they are stale.

Wid. Is not that he? *Luce.* Tis he.

Wid. Be still and marke him.

Val. How miserable will these poore wretches be when I forsake um, but things have their necessities, I am sorry, to what a vomit must they turne againe now to their owne deare dunghill breeding; never hope after I cast you off, you men of Motley, you most undone things below pittie, any that has a soule and sixe pence dares releeve you, my name shall barre that blessing; theres your cloake sir, keepe it close to you, it may yet preserve you a fortnight longer from the foole; your hat, pray be covered, and theres the sattin that your worships sent me, will serve you at a sizer yet.

Fount Nay faith sir, you may ene rubbe these out now.

Val. No such relicke, nor the least ragge of such a sorded weakenesse shall keepe me warme, these breeches are mine owne, purchased, and paid for, without your compassion, and Christian bleeches founded in Blacke Friers, and so Ile maintaine um. *Hare.* So they seeme sir.

Val. Onely the thirteene shillings in these breeches, and the odde groat, I take it, shall be yours sir, a marke to know a knave by, pray preserve it, doe not displease me more, but

take it presently, now helpe me off with my bootes.

Hare. We are no groomes sir.

Val. For once you shall be, doe it willingly, or by this hand Ile make you.

Bell. To our owne sir, we may apply our hands.

Val. Theres your hangers, you may deserve a strong paire, and a girdle will hold you without buckles; now I am perfect, and now the proudest of your worships tell me I am beholding to you. *Fount.* No such matter.

Val. And take heede how you pitty me, tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous, to prate of pittie which are the poorer; you are now puppies; I without you, or you without my knowledge be rogues, and so be gone, be rogues and reply not, for if you doe ——

Bell. Onely thus much, and then wee'le leave you, the ayre is farre sharper than our anger sir; and these you may reserve to raile in warmer.

Hare. Pray have a care sir of your health. *Exit Lovers.*

Val. Yes hoghounds, more than you can have of your wits; tis cold, and I am very sensible, extreamely cold too, yet I will not off, till I have shamed these rascalls; I have endured as ill heates as another, and every way if one could perish my body, you'le beare the blame ont; I am colder here, not a poore penny left. *Vncle with a bagge.*

Vnc. Tas taken rarely, and now hees stead he will be ruled.

Lance. Too him, tew him, abuse him, and nip him close.

Vnc. Why how now cosen, sunning your selfe this weather?

Val. As you see sir, in a hot fit, I thanke my friends.

Vnc. But cosen, where are your cloathes man, those are no inheritance, your scruple may compound with those I take it, this is no fashion cosen.

Val. Not much followed, I must confesse; yet Vncle I determine to trie what may be done next Tearme.

Lance. How came you thus sir, for you are strangely moved.

Val. Ragges, toyes and trifles, fit onely for those fooles that first possessed um, and to those Knaves, they are rendred freemen Vncle, ought to appeare like innocents, old *Adam*, a faire Figge-leafe sufficient.

Vncle. Take me with you, were these your friends, that

clear'd

cleär'd you thus.

Val. Hang friends, and even recknings that makē friends.

Vnc. I thought till now, there had beene no such living, no such purchase, for all the rest is labour, as a list of honourable friends, doe not such men as you sir, in liew of all your understandings, travells, and those great gifts of nature; aime at no more than casting off your coates, I am strangely cosend.

Lance. Should not the towne shake at the cold you feele now, and all the Gentry suffer intrediction, no more sence spoken, all things *Goth* and *Vandall*, till you be summed againe, velvets and scarlets, annointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver turned into *Spanish* Cottens for a pennance, wits blasted with your bulls, and Tavernes withered, as though the tearme lay at S. *Albones*.

Val. Gentlemen you have spoken long, and levill, I beseech you take breath a while and here me; you imagine now, by the twirling of your strings, that I am at the last, as also that my friends are flowne like Swallowes after Summer. *Vnc.* Yes sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poorē pannier, to raise me up againe above your rents Vncle.

Vnc. All this I doe beleeve.

Val. You have no minde to better me.

Vnc. Yes cosen, and to that end I come, and oncē more offer you all that my power is master off.

Val. A match then, lay me downe fiftie pound there.

Vnc. There it is sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleased to give this, as duē unto my merit, without caution of land redeeming, tedious thankes, or thrift hereafter to be hoped for.

Vnc. How? *Luce layes a suite and letter at the doore.*

Val. Without dareing, when you are drunke, to rellish of revilings, to which you are prone in sacke Vncle.

Vnc. I thanke you sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while, away I say sir, let him goe forward with his naked fashion, he will seeke you to morrow; goodly weather, sultrie hot, sultry, how I sweate.

Vncl. Farewell sir.

Vnc, Farewell sir. *Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*

Val. Would I sweat too, I am monstrous vext, and cold too; and these are but thinne pumpes to walke the sleetes in; cloathes I must get, this fashion will not fadge with me, besides, tis an ill Winter weare, ----- What art thou? yes, they are cloathes, and rich ones, some foole has left um: and if I should utter ----- whats this paper here; let these be only worne, by the most noble and deserving Gentleman *Vallentine*, ---- dropt out oth' cloudes; I thinke they are full of gold too; well Ile leave my wonder, and be warme agen, in the next house Ile shift. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scana 1.

Enter Francisco, Vncle, and Lance.

Fran. WHy doe you deale thus with him tis unnobly.

Vnc. Peace cosen peace, you are to tender of him, he must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus, the violence of his disease *Francisco*, must not be jested with, tis growne infectious, and now strong corasives most cure him.

Lance. Has had a stinger, has eaten off his Cloathes, the next his skinne comes.

Vnc. And let it search him to the bones, tis better, twill make him feele it.

Lance. Where be his noble friends now? will his fantasticall opinions cloath him, or the learned Art of having nothing feede him.

Vnc. It must needes greedely, for all his friends have flung him off, he is naked, and where to skinne himselfe agen, if I know, or can devise how he should get himselfe lodging, his spirit must be bowed, and now we have him, have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meete him cracking of Nuts, with halfe a clocke about him, for all meanes are cut off, or borrowing sixe pence, to shew his bountie in the pottage Ordinary. *Fran.* Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, Why should you aske after him, you have beene trim'd already, let him take his fortune, he spunne it

out

out himselfe, sir, theres no pitty.

Vnc. Besides some good to you now from this miserie.

Fran. I rise upon his ruines, fie, fie, Vncle, fie honest *Lance*, those Gentlemen were base people, that could so soone take fire to his destruction.

Vnc. You are a foole, you are a foole, a young man.

Enter Vallentine.

Val. Morrow Vncle, morrow *Francke*. sweete *Francke* and how, and how dee, thinke now, how show matters; morrow Bandogge. *Vnc.* How?

Fran. Is this man naked, forsaken of his ffriends.

Val. That't hansome *Francke*, a pretty Gentleman, ifaith thou lookest well, and yet here may be those that looke as hanso.ne.

Lan. Sure he can conjure, and has the devill for his taylor.

Vnc. New and rich, tis most impossible he should recover.

Lan. Give him this lucke, and fling him into the Sea.

Vnc. Tis not he, imagination cannot worke this miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, tis he, I will assure you Vncle, the very he, the he your wisdome plaid withall, I thanke you fort, neyed at his nakednes, and made his cold and poverty, your pastime; you see I live, and the best can doe no more Vncle, and though I have no state, I keepe the streetes still; and take my pleasure in the towne, like a poore Gentleman, weare clothes to keepe me warme, poore things they serve me, can make a show too if I list, yes Vncle, and ring a peale in my pockets, ding dong, Vncle, these are mad foolish wayes, but who can helpe um. *Vnc.* I am amazed.

Lan. Ile sell my coppyhold, for since there are such excellent new nothings, why should I labour, is there no fairy haunts him, no rat, nor no old woman. *Vnc.* You are *Vallentine*.

Val. I thinke so, I cannot tell, I have beene cald so, and some say christened, why doe you wonder at me, and swell, as if you had met a sarjeant fasting, did you ever know desert want, yare fooles, a little stoope, there may be to allay him, he would grow too ranke else, a small eclipse, to shaddow him, but out hee must breake, glowingly againe, and with a great luster, looke you Vncle, motion, and Majesty.

Vnc. I am confounded. *Fran.* I am of his faith.

Val. Walke by his careleſſe kinſman, and turnē againe and walke, and looke thus Vncle, taking ſome one by the hand, he loves beſt, leave them to the mercy of the hog market, come *Franke*, Fortune is now my friend, let me inſtruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow Vncle, I muſt needes goe with him.

Val. Flay me, and turne me out where none inhabits, within two houres, I ſhall be thus againe, now wonder on, and laugh at your owne ignorance. *Ex. Vall. & Franck.*

Vnc. I doe beleeve him.

Lan. So doe I, and heartily upon my conſcience bury him ſtarke naked, he would riſe againe, within two houres imbroidered: ſow muſterd ſeedes, and they cannot come up ſo thicke as his new ſattens doe, and clothes of ſilver, theres no ſtriving. *Vnc.* Let him play a while then, and lets ſearch out what hand: ——

Lan. I there the game lyes. *Exeunt*

Enter Fountaine, Bellamore and Harebraine.

Foun. Come lets ſpeake for our ſelves, we have lodg'd him ſure enough, his nakedneſſe dare not peepe out to croſſe us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hare. Lets in boldly, and uſe our beſt arts, who ſhe dainēs to favour, we are all content.

Foun. Much good may doe her with him, no civill warres.

Bel. By no meanes, now doe I wonder in what old tod Ivy hee lies whiſtling for meanes, nor clothes hee has none, nor none will truſt him, we have made that ſide ſure, teach him a new wooing. *Hare.* Say it is his Vncles ſpite.

Foun. It is all one Gentlemen, 'tas rid us of a faire incumbrance, and makes us looke about to our owne fortunes. Who are theſe. *Enter Iſabell and Luce.*

Iſa. Not ſee this man yet, well, I ſhall be wiſer: but *Luce* didſt ever know a woman me't ſo, ſhe is finely hurt to hunt.

Luc. Peace, the three ſuitors.

Iſa. I could ſo titter now and laugh, I was loſt *Luce*, and I muſt love, I know not what; O *Cupid*, what pretty gins thou haſt to halter woodcockes, and we muſt into the Countrey in all haſt *Luce*. *Luce.* For heavens ſake Miſtris.

Iſa. Nay I have done, I muſt laugh though, but ſcholler, I ſhall teach you. *Foun.* Tis her ſiſter.

Bel.

Bell. Save you Ladies. *Isa.* Faire met Gentlemen, you are visiting my sister, I assure my self.

Hare. We would faine blesse our eyes.

Isa. Behold and welcome, you would see her:

Foun. Tis our businesse.

Isa. You shall see her, and you shall talke with her.

Luce. Shee will not see um, nor spend a word.

Isa. Ile make her fret a thousand, nay now I have found the scab, I will so scratch her. *Luc.* She cannot endure um.

Isa. She loves um but too dearely, come follow me, Ile bring you toth party Gentlemen, then make your owne conditions.

Luc. She is sicke you know.

Isa. Ile make her well, or kill her, and take no idle answer, you are fooles then, nor stand off for her state, sheele scorne you all then, but urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her, a widdow must be wonne so.

Bel. Shee speakes bravely.

Isa. I would faine have a brother in law, I love mens company, and if she call for dinner to avoide you, be sure you stay, follow her into her chamber, if she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly, like honest lovers.

Luc. This will kill her.

Foun. You have showed us one way, do but lend the tother.

Isa. I know you stand a thornes, come Ile dispatch you.

Luc. If you live after this. *Isa.* I have lost my ayme. *Exeunt*

Enter Vallentine and Franscisco.

Fra. Did you not see um since.

Val. No hang um, hang um.

Fra. Nor will you not be seene by um: *Val.* Let um alone *Francke*, Ile make um their owne justice, and a jerker.

Fra. Such base discurteous dogge whelpes.

Val I shall dogge um, and double dog um, ere I have done.

Fran. Will you goe with me, for I would faine finde out this peece of bountie it was the widdows man, that I am certaine of. *Val.* To what end would you goe.

Fran. To give thankes sir.

Val. Hang giving thankes, hast not thou parts deserves it, it includes to a further will to be beholding, beggers can doe no more at doores, if you will goe there lies your way.

Fran.

Fran. I hope you will goe.

Val. No not in ceremony, and to a woman, with mine owne father, were hee living *Francke*; I would toth Court with beares first, if it be that wench, I thinke it is, for tothers wiser, I would not be so lookt upon, and laught at, so made a ladder for her wit, to climbe upon, for tis the tarteſt tit in Christendome, I know her well *Francke*, and have buckled with her, so lickt, and stroakt, fleard upon, and flouted, and showne to Chambermaides, like a strange beast, she had purchased with her penny. (woman

Fran. You are a strange man, but doe you thinke it was a

Val. Theres no doubt ont, who can be there to doe it else, besides the manner of the circumstances.

Fran. Then such courtesies, who ever does um sir, saving your owne wisdome, must be more lookt into, and better answerd, then with deserving slights, or what we ought to have conferd upon us, men may starve else, meanes are not gotton now, with crying out I am a gallant fellow, a good souldier, a man of learning, or fit to be employed, immediate blessings, cease like miracles, and we must grow, by second meanes, I pray goe with me, even as you love me sir.

Val. I will come to thee, but *Francke*, I will not stay to heare your fopperies, dispatch those ere I come.

Fran. You will not faile me.

Val. Some two houres hence expect me.

Fran. I thanke you, and will looke for you. *Exeunt*

Enter Widdow, Shorthose, and Roger.

Wid. Who let me in these puppies, you blinde rascals, you drunken knaves severall.

Short. Yes forsooth, Ile let um in presently,---gentlemen,

Wid. Spercious you blowne pudding, you bawling rogue.

Short. I bawle as loud as I can, would you have me fetch um upon my backe. *Wid.* Get um out rascall, out with um, out, I sweate to have um neare me.

Short. I should sweate more to carry um out.

Rog. They are Gentlemen Madam:

Shor. Shall we get um intoth butterie, and make um drinke.

Wid Doe any thing, so I be eased.

Enter

Enter Isabel, Fount. Bella, Hare.

Isa. Now too her sir, feare nothing,

Rog. Slip a side boy, I know shee loves um, howsoere shee carries it, and has invited um, my young Mistris told me so.

Short. Away to tables then. *Exeunt.*

Isa. I shall burst with the sport ont.

Fount. You are too curious Madam, too full of preparation, we expect it not.

Bella. Me thinkes the house is hansome, every place decent, what neede you be so vext.

Hare. We are no strangers.

Foun. What though we come ere you expected us, doe not we know your entertainements Madam are free, and full at all times. *Wid.* You are merry Gentlemen.

Ball. We come to be merry Madam, and very merry, mē live to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady a little of our old plea.

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too, will nonē deliver mē.

Hare. There is a time for all, you may be busie, but when your friends come, you have as much power Madam.

Wid. This is a tedious torment.

Foun. How hansomely this title peecē of anger shēwēs upon her, well Madam well, you know not how to grace your selfe.

Bella. Nay every thing she does breedes a new sweetnesse.

Wid. I must goe up, I must goe up, I have a businesse waites upon me, some wine for the Gentlemen.

Hare. Nay, weele goe with you, we never saw your chambers yet. *Isa.* Hold there boyes.

Wid. Say I goe to my prayers.

Foun. Weele pray with you, and helpe your meditations.

Wid. This is boystrous, or say I goe to sleepe, will you goe to sleepe with me.

Bel. So suddenly before meate will bee dangerous, wee know your dinners ready Lady, you will not sleepe.

Wid. Give me my Coach, I will take the aire,

Hare. Weele waite on you, and then your meate after a quickned stomacke.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my steward to mee, and bid him

bring his recknings into the Orchard, these unmannerly rude puppies —— *Exit widdow.*

Foun. Weele walke after you and view the pleasure of the place. *Isa.* Let her not rest, for if you give her breath, sheele scorne and floute you, seeme how she will, this is the way to winne her, be bold and prosper.

Bella. Nay if we doe not tire her. —— *Exeunt.*

Isa. Ile teach you to worme me good Lady sister, and peepe into my privacies to suspect me, Ile torture you, with that you hate most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at that you love most. *Enter Luce.*

Luc. What have you done, shee chafes and fumes outragiously, and still they persecute her.

Isa. Long may they doe so, Ile teach her to declaime against my pitties, why is shee not gone out oth' towne, but gives occasion for men to run mad after her.

Luc. I shall be hanged.

Isa. This in me had beene high treason, three at a time, and private in her Orchard, I hope sheele cast her reckonings right now. *Enter Widdow.*

Wid. Well, I shall finde who brought um.

Isa. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why doe you laugh sister, I feare me tis your tricke, twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your pleasure.

Isa. What have you done with um.

Wid. Lockt um ith Orchard, there Ile make um dance and caper too, before they get their liberty, unmannerly rude puppies.

Isa. They are somewhat saucy, but yet Ile let um out, and once more hound um, why were they not beaten out.

Wid. I was about it, but because they came as suiters.

Isa. Why did you not answer um.

Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet, how came these in.

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Lan. At the doore Madam.

Isa. It is that face.

Luc. This is the Gentleman.

Wid. Shee lent the money too.

Luc. The ſame.

Iſa. Ile leave you, they have ſome buſineſſe.

Wid. Nay you ſhall ſtay ſiſter, they are ſtrangers both to me: how her face alters.

Iſa. I am ſorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now though, who would you ſpeake with Gentlemen? *Lan.* You Lady, or your faire ſiſter there, heres a Gentleman, that has received a benefit.

Wid. From whom ſir.

Lan. From one of you, as he ſuppoſes Madam, your man delivered it. *Wid.* I pray goe forward.

Lan. And of ſo great a goodneſſe, that he dares not, without the tender of his thankes and ſervice, paſſe by the houſe.

Wid. Which is the Gentleman?

Lan. This Madam.

Wid. Whats your name Sir?

Fran. They that know me call me *Franſciſco* Lady, one not ſo proud to ſcorne, ſo timely a benefit, nor ſo wretched, to hide a gratitude.

Wid. It is well beſtowed then.

Fran. Your faire ſelfe, or your ſiſter as it ſeemes, for what deſert I dare not know, unleſſe a handſome ſubject for your charities, or aptneſſe in your noble wils to doe it, have ſhowred upon my wants, a timely bounty, which makes me rich in thankes, my beſt inheritance.

Wid. I am ſorry twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman, fie doe not bluſh: goe roundly to the matter, the man is a prettie man. *Iſa.* You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you deare Lady.

Iſa. I pray no more Sir, if I may perſwade you, your onely aptneſſe to doe this is recompence, and more then I expected.

Fran. But good Lady.

Iſa. And for me further to be acquainted with it, beſides the imputation of vaine glory, were greedie thankings of my ſelfe, I did it not to be more affected to; I did it, and if it happened where I thought it fitted, I have my end, more to enquire is curious in either of us, more then that ſuſpicious:

Fran. But gentle Ladie, twill be neceſſary.

Iſa. About the right way nothing, doe not fright it, being

so pious use and tender sighted, with the blown face of compliments, it blasts it had you not come at all, but thought thankes; it had beene too much, twas not to see your person.

Wid. A brave dissembling rogue, and how she carries it.

Isa. Though I beleeve few handsomer; or heare you, though I affect a good tongue well; or try you, though my yeares desire a friend, that I relieved you.

Wid. A plaguie cunning queane.

Isa. For so I carryed it, my ends too glorious in mine eies, and bartred the goodnesse I propounded with opinion.

Wid. Feare her not Sir.

Isa. You cannot catch me sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up Lady?

Isa. Let it suffice you have it, it was never mine, whilst good men wanted it.

Lan. This is a Saint sure.

Isa. And if you be not such a one restore it.

Fran. To commend my selfe were more officious, then you thinke my thankes are, to doubt I may be worth your gift a treason, both to mine owne good, and understanding, I know my mind cleare, and though modesty tels me, he that intreates intrudes, yet I must thinke something, and of some season, met with your better taste, this had not beene else.

Wid. What ward for that Wench.

Isa. Alas it never touched me.

Fran. Well gentle Ladie, yours is the first money I ever tooke upon a forced ill manners.

Isa. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I doe, and your way to be thought a gratefull taker. *Isa.* Spend it and say nothing, your modestie may deserve more.

Wid. O sister, will you barre thankefullnesse?

Isa. Dogges dance for meate, would you have men doe worse, for they can speake, cry out like Woodmongers, good deeds by the hundreds, I did it that my best friend should not know it, wine and vaine glory does as much as I else, if you will force my merit, against my meaning, use it in well bestowing it, in showing it came to be a benefit, and was so; and not examining a woman did it, or to what end, in not beleeving

leeving sometimes your selfe, when drinke and stirring conversation, may ripen strange persuasions.

Fran. Gentle Lady, I were a base receiver of a curtesie, and you a worse disposer, were my nature unfurnished of these foresights, Ladies honours were ever in my thoughts, unspotted crimes, their good deedes holy temples, where the incense burnes not, to common eyes your feares are vertuous, and so I shall preserve um.

Isa. Keepe but this way, and from this place to tell me so, you have paid me; and so I wish you see all fortune. *Ex.*

Wid. feare not the woman will be thanked, I doe not doubt it, are you so crafty, carry it so precisely, this is to wake my feares, or to abuse mee, I shall looke narrowly, despaire not Gentlemen, there is an houre to catch a woman in, if you be wise, so, I must leave you too; now will I goe laugh at my suitors. *Exit*

Lan. Sir what courage.

Fran. This woman is a founder, and scites statutes to all her benefits.

Lan. I never knew yet, so few yeares and so cunning, yet beleeve me she has an itch, but how to make her confesse it, for it is a crafty tit, and playes about you, will not bite home, she would faine, but she dares not; carry your selfe but so discreetely Sir, that want or wantonnesse seeme not to search you, and you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich, would give two thousand pound to wed her wit but one houre, oh tis a dragon, and such a spritely way of pleasure, ha *Lance.*

Lan. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you would cry, ho, ho, *Lance.*

Fran. Some leaden landed rogue, will have this Wench now, when alls done, some such youth will carry her, and weare her greasie out like stuffe, some dunce that knowes no more but Markets, and admires nothing but a long charge at sises: O the fortunes.

Enter Isabel and Luce.

Lan. Comfort your selfe.

Luc. They are here yet, and alone too, boldly upont, Nay Mistresse, I still told you, how 'would finde your trust, this

tis to venture your charitie upon a boy.

Lan. Now, whats the matter? ſtand faſt, and like your ſelfe. *Iſa.* Prethee no more wench.

Luce. What was his want to you. *Iſa.* Tis true.

Luce. Or miſery, or ſay he had beene ith' Cage, was there no mercy to looke abroad but yours.

Iſa. I am paid for fooling.

Luce. Muſt every ſlight companion that can purchaſe a ſhew of povertie and beggerly planet fall under your compaſſion. *Lance.* Heres a new matter.

Luce. Nay you are ſerved but too well, here he ſtaies yet, yet as I live. *Fran.* How her face alters on me?

Luce. Out of a confidence I hope. *Iſa.* I am glad ont.

Fran. How doe you gentle Lady?

Iſa. Much aſhamed ſir, but firſt ſtand further off me y'are infectious to finde ſuch vanitie, nay almoſt impudence where I beleeve a worth: is this your thankes, the gratitude you were ſo mad to make me, your trimme councell Gentlemen?

Lanc. What Lady?

Iſa. Take your device agen, it will not ſerve ſir, the woman will not bite, you are finely coſened, droppe it no more for ſhame.

Luce. Doe you thinke you are here ſir amongſt your waſtcoateers. your baſe Wenches that ſcratch at ſuch occaſions; you are deluded; This is a Gentlewoman of a noble houſe, borne to a better fame than you can build her, and eyes above your pitch. *Fran.* I doe acknowledge ——————

Iſa. Then I beſeech you ſir, what could ſee, ſpeake boldly, and ſpeake truely, ſhame the devill, in my behaviour of ſuch eaſineſſe that you durſt venture to doe this.

Fran. You amaze me, this Ring is none of mine, nor did I droppe it. *Luce.* I ſaw you droppe it ſir.

Iſa. I tooke it up too, ſtill looking when your modeſty ſhould miſſe it, why what a childiſh part was this?

Fran. I vow.

Iſa. Vow me no vowes, he that dares doe this, has bred himſelfe to boldneſſe, to forſweare too; there take your gugaw you are too much pampered, and I repent my part, as

you

you grow older grow wiser if you can, and so farewell sir.

Exit Isabella and Lance.

Lan. Grow wiser if you can, shee has put it to you, tis a rich Ring, did you droppe it?

Fran. Never, nere see it afore *Lance.*

Lan. Thereby hangs a taile then: what slight shee makes to catch her selfe, looke up sir, you cannot lose her if you would, how daintily she flies upon the lure, and cunningly she makes her stoppes, whistle and she'le come to you.

Fran. I would I were so happie.

Lan. Maids are clockes, the greatest wheele they show, goes slowest to us, and makes hang on tedious hopes the lesser, which are concealed being often oyl'd with wishes flee like desires, and never leave that motion, till the tongue strikes; she is flesh, blood, and marrow, young as her purpose, and soft as pitty; no Monument to worship, but a mould to make men in, a neate one, and I know how ere she appeares now, which is neare enough, you are starke blinde if you hit not soone at night; shee would venture fortie pounds more but to feele a flea in your shape bite her: drop no more Rings forsooth, this was the prettiest thing to know her heart by.

Fran. Thou putst me in much comfort.

Lan. Put your selfe in good comfort; if shee doe not point you out the way, droppe no more rings, she'le droppe her selfe into you.

Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.

Lan. Let him alone, and feede your selfe on your owne fortunes; come be frolicke, and lets be monstrous wise and full of councell, droppe no more Ringes. *Exit.*

Enter Widdow, Fountaine, Bellamore, Harebraine.

Wid. If you will needes be fooliſh you must be used so: who sent for you? who entertained you Gentlemen? who bid you welcome hether? you came crowding, and impudently bold; presse on my patience, as if I kept a house for all Companions, and of all sorts; will 'have your wills, will 'vexe me and force my liking from you, I never owed you.

Fount. For all this we will dine with you.

Bell. And for all this will have a better answer from you.

Wid. You shall never, neither have a answer nor dinner, unl[illegible]

unleſſe you uſe me with a more ſtaid reſpect, and ſtay your time too. *Enter Iſabella, Shorthoſe, Roger, Humphrey, Ralph, with diſhes of meate.*

Iſa. Forward with the meate now.

Rog. Come gentlemen march fairely.

Short. *Roger*, you are a weake Servingman, your white broath runnes from you; fie, how I ſweate under this pile of Beefe; an Elephant can doe more, oh for ſuch a backe now, and in theſe times, what might a man arrive at; Gooſe graſe you up, and Woodcocke march behinde thee, I am almoſt foundred.

Wid. Who bid you bring the meate yet? away you knaves, I will not dine theſe two houres, how am I vext and chafed; goe carry it backe and tell the Cooke, hee's an arrant Raſcall, to ſend before I called.

Short. Faces about Gentlemen, beate a mournefull march then, and give ſome ſupporters, or eſſe I periſh----

Exeunt Servants.

Iſa. It does me much good to ſee hẽr chafe thus.

Hare. Wee can ſtay Madame, and will ſtay and dwell here, tis good Ayre.

Foun. I know you have beds enough, and meate you never want. *Wid.* You want a little.

Bell. We dare to pretend on, ſince you are cutliſh, wee'le give you phyſicke, you muſt purge this anger, it burnes you and decaies you.

Wid. If I had you out once I would be at charge of a percullis for you. *Enter Vallantine.*

Val. Good morrow noble Lady.

Wid. Good morrow ſir, how ſweetly now he lookes, and how full manly, what ſlaves was theſe to uſe him ſo.

Val. I come to looke a young man I call brother.

Wid. Such a one was here ſir, as I remember your owne brother, but gone almoſt an houre agoe.

Val. God e'n then.

Wid. You muſt not ſo ſoone ſir, here be ſome Gentlemen, it may be you are acquainted with um.

Hare. Will nothing make him miſerable?

Foun. How glorious!

Bell.

Bell. It is the very he, does it raine fortunes, or has hee a familliar. *Hare.* How doggedly he lookes too.

Foun. I am beyond my faith, pray lets be going.

Val. Where are these Gentlemen? *Wid* Here.

Val. Yes I know um and will be more familliet.

Bell. Morrow Maddam.

Wid. Nay stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay till I talkē with you, and not dine neither, but fastingly my fury, you thinke you have undone me, thinke so still, and swallow that beleefe, till you bē company for Court-hand Clarkes, and starved Atturneyes, till you breake in at playes like Prentises for three a groat, and cracke nuts with the sc ollers in penny Roomes agen, and fight for Apples, till you returne to what I found you, people betrai'd into the hands of Fencers, Challengers, Toothdrawers bills, and tedious Proclamations in Meale-markets, with throngings to see Cutpurses: stirre not, but heare, and marke, Ile cut your throates else, till Waterworkes, and rumours of new Rivers rid you againe and runne you into questions who built Thamea, till you runne mad for Lotteries, and stand there with your tables to gleane the golden sentenses, and cite um secretly to Servingmen for sound Essayes, till Tavernes allow you but a Towell roome to tipple in wine that the Bell hath gone for twice, and glasses that looke like broken promises, tied up with wicker protestations, English Tobacco with halfe pipes, nor in halfe a yeare once burnt, and Bisket that Bawdes have rubb'd their gummes upon like Curralls to bring the marke againe; tell these houre rascalls so, this most fatall houre will come againe, thinke I sit downe the looser.

Wid. Will you stay Gentlemen, a peece of beefe and a cold Capon, thats all, you know you are welcome.

Hum. That was cast to abuse us.

Bell. Steale off, the devill is in his angēr.

Wid. Nay I am sure you will not leave me so discurteously now I have provided for you.

Val. What doe you heare? why doe vexe a woman of hēr goodnesse, her state and worth; can you bring a faire certi-

ficatē that you deserve to be her footemen; husbands, you puppies, husbands for Whores and Bawdes, away you windsuckers; doe not looke bigge, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble, and when you are gone seeme to laugh at my fury, and slight this Lady, I shall heare, and know this: and though I am not bound to fight for women, as farre as they are good I dare preserve um: be not too bold, for if you be Ile swinge you, Ile swinge you monstrously without all pittty, your honours now goe, avoide me mainely. *Exeunt.*

Wid. Well sir, you have delivered me, I thanke you, and with your nobleneſſe prevented danger their tongues might utter, will all goe and eate sir.

Val. No, no, I dare not trust my selfe with women, goe to your meate, eate little, take lesse ease, and tie your body to a daily labour, you may live honestly, and so I thank you. *Exit.*

Wid. Well goe thy wayes, thou art a noble fellow, and some meanes I must worke to have thee know it. *Exit.*

Actus 5. Scan. 1.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Vnc. MOst certaine tis, her hands that hold him up, and her sister relieves *Franke.*

Mer. I am glad to heare it: but wherefore doe they not pursue this fortune to some faire end?

Vnc. The women are too craftie, *Vellentine* too coy, and *Franke* too bashfull, had any wise man hold of such a blessing, they would strick it out oth' flint but they would forme it.

Enter Widdow and Shorthose.

Mer. The Widdow sure, why does she stirre so earely.

Wid. Tis strange, I cannot force him to understand mee, and make a benefit, of what I would bring him, tell my sister ile use any devotions at home this morning, shee may if shee please goe to Church.

Short. Hay ho.

Wid. And doe you waitē upon her with a to ch sir?

Short. Hay ho.

Wid.

Wid. You lasie knave.

Short. Here is such a tincle tanklings that we can nere lie quiet, and sleepe our prayers out, *Ralph* pray emptie my right shooe that you made your Chamberpot, and burne a little Rosemary int, I must waite upon my Lady. This morning Prayer has brought me into a consumption, I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

Wid. You drousie slave, nothing but sleepe and swilling.

Short. Had you beene bitten with bandogge fleaes, as I have beene, and haunted with the night Mare.

Wid. With an Alepot.

Shore. You would have little list to morning Prayers, pray take my fellow *Ralph*, hee has a Psalme booke, I am an ingrum man.

Short. Get you ready quickly, and when she is ready waite upon her handsomely; no more, be gone.

Short. If I doe snore my part out—— *Exit Short.*

Vnc. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good morrow Madam.

Wid. Good morrow Gentlemen.

Vnc. Good joy and fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thankes, I thanke you sir.

Mer. Much joy I hope you'le finde, we came to gratulate, your new knit marriage band.

Wid. How?

Vnc. Hes a Gentleman although he be my kinsman, my faire Neece.

Wid. Neece Sir?

Vnc. Yes Lady, now I may say so, tis no shame to you, I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light fancies, which you most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried, as nobly bred and managed.

Wid. Whats all this, I understand you not, what Neece, what marriage knot.

Vnc. Ile tell plainely, you are my Neece, and *Vallentine* the Gentleman has made you so by marriage.

Wid. Marriage?

Unc. Yes Lady, and twas a noble and a vertuous part, to take a falling man to your protection, and bay him up againe to all his glories.

Wid. The men are mad.

Mer. What though he wanted these outward things, that flie away like shadowes; was not his minde a full one, and a brave one, you have wealth enough to give him glosse, and outside; and he wit enough to give way to love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he would doe well.

Mer. Nay, I knew how ever he wheel'd about like a loose Cabine, he would charge home at length, like a brave Gentleman, heavens blessing a your heart Lady; wee are so bound to honour you, in all your service so devoted to you.

Unc. Doe not looke so strange Widdow it must be knowne, better a generall joy; no stirring here yet, come, come you cannot hide um.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are the finest toyes, belike I am married then.

Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the worlds account else, I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with child?

Unc. No; great they say not, but tis a full opinion you are with childe, and great joy among the Gentlemen, your husband hath behurred himselfe fairely.

Mer. Alas, we know his private houres of entrance, how long, and when he staied, could name the bed too where hee paid downe his first fruits.

Wid. I shall beleeve anon.

Unc. And we consider for some private reasons, you would have it private, yet take your owne pleasure; and so good morrow my best Neece, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray stay.

Unc. I know you would be with him, love him, and love him well.

Mer. You'le finde him noble, this may beget——

Unc. It must needes work upon her. *Exit Unc. & Mer.*

Wid. These are fine bobes I faith, married, and with child too, how long has this beene I trow? they seeme grave fellowes,

lowes, they ſhould not come to flout; married, and bedded, the world take notice too, where lies this May game, I could be vext extreamely now, and raile too, but tis to no end, though I itch little, muſt I be ſcratcht I know not how, who waites there?

Enter Hum. a ſervant,

Hum, Madam.

Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and waite you onely, and harke you ſir, be ſecret and ſpeedy, enquire out where he lies. *Ral.* I ſhall doe it Madam. *Exit*

Wid. Married, and got with child in a dreame, tis fine ifaith, ſure he that did this, would doe better waking. *Exit*

Enter Vallentine, Fran. Lance, and a boy with a torch.

Val. Hold thy Torch handſomely, how doſt thou *Francke*, *Peter Baſſell*, beare up.

Fran. You have fryed me ſoundly, Sacke doe you call this drinke.

Val. A ſhrewd dogge *Francke*, will bite abundantly.

Lan. Now could I fight, and fight with thee.

Val. With me thou man of *Memphis*.

Lan. But that thou art mine owne naturall Maſter, yet my ſackes ſaies thou art no man, thou art a Pagan, and pawneſt thy land, which a noble cauſe.

Val. No armes, no armes, good *Lancelet*, deare *Lance*, no fighting here, we will have Lands boy, Livings, and Titles, thou ſhalt be a Viceroy, hang fighting, hang tis out of faſhion

Lan. I would faine labour you into your lands againe, goe too, it is behoovefull.

Fran. Fie *Lance*, fie.

Lan. I muſt beate ſome body, and why not my Maſter, before ſtranger, charity and beating begins at home.

Val. Come thou ſhalt beate me.

Lan. I will not be compeld, and you were two Maſters, I ſcorne the motion.

Val. Wilt thou ſleepe.

Lan. I ſcorne ſleepe.

Val. Wilt thou goe eate.

Lan. I ſcorne meate, I come for tompeting, I come to waite

upon my charge discreetely, for looke you if you will not take your Morgage againe, here doe I lie Saint *George*, and so forth.

Val. And here doe I St. *George*, bestride the Dragon, thus with my Lance.

Lan. I sting, I sting with my taile.

Val. Doe you so, doe you so Sir, I shall taile you presently.

Fran. By no meanes doe not hurt him.

Val. Take his Nellson, and now rise, thou maiden Knight of Malligo, lace on thy helmet of inchanted sacke, and charge againe.

Lan. I play no more, you abuse me, will you goe.

Fran. Ile bid you good morrow Brother, for sleepe I cannot I have a thousand fancies.

Val. Now thou art arived, goe bravely to the matter, and doe something of worth *Francke*.

Lan. You shall heare from us. *Exit Lance and Frank.*

Val. This rogue, if he had beene sober, sure had beaten me, is the most tettish knave.

Enter Uncle and Merchant: May with a torch.

Unc. Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why sir good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty

Vnc. You have made your brother a fine man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a foole before, brought up amongst the midst of small beere Brue-houses, what would you have with me.

Mer. I come to tell you, your latest houre is come.

Val. Are you my sentence.

Mer. The sentence of your state.

Val. Let it be hangd then, and let it be hangd hie enough, I may not see it.

Vnc. A gratious resolution.

Val. What would you else with me, will you goe drinke, and let the world slide Vncle, ha, ha, ha, boyes, drinke sacke like whey boyes.

Mer. Have you no feeling sir.

Val. Come hither Merchant: Make me a supper, thou most

reverent

reverēnt Land catcher, a supper of forty pound.

Mer. What then sir.

Val. Then bring thy wife along, and thy faire sisters, thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets, let me have forty trumpets, and such wine, weele laugh at all the miseries of morgage, and then in state Ile render thee an answer.

Mer. What say to this.

Vnc, I dare not say nor thinke neither.

Mer. Will you redeeme your state, speake to the point sir.

Val. Not, not if it were mine heire in the Turkes gallies.

Mer. Then I must take an order.

Val. Take a thousand, J will not keepe it, nor thou shalt not have it, because thou camest ith nick, thou shalt not have it, goe take possession, and be sure you hold it, hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled, willring you such a knell, goe downe in glory, and march upon my Land, and cry alls mine, cry as the devil did, and be the devill, marke what an eccho followes, build fine Marchpanes, to entertaine Sir Silkeworme and his Lady, and pull the Chappell downe, to raise a Chamber for Mistris Silverpin, to lay her belly in, marke what an Earthquake comes, then fooliſh Merchant my tennants are no subjects, they obey nothing, and they are people too, never Christned, they know no law, nor conscience, theile devoure thee: and thou mortall the stople, theile confound thee, within three dayes; no bit nor memory of what thou wert, no not the wart upon thy nose there, shall be ere heard of more, goe take possession, and bring thy children downe, to rost like rabbits, they love young toasts, and butter, Bowbell suckers; as they love mischiefe, and hate law; they are Canibals; bring downe thy kindred too, that be not fruitfull, there be those Mandrakes, that will mollifie um, goe take possession, Ile goe to my Chamber, afore boy goe. *Exeu.*

Mer. Hees mad sure.

Vnc. Hees halfe drunkē sure, and yet I like this unwillingnesse to loose it, this looking backe.

Mer. Yes if he did it handsomely, but hees so harsh, & strange

Vnc. Beleeve it tis his drinke sir, and I am glad his drinke has thrust it out.

Mer.

Mer. Cannibals; if ever I come to view his regements, if faire termes may be had.

Vnc. Hee tels you true sir; They are a bunch of the most boystrous rascalls disorder ever made, let um be mad once, the power of the whole Country cannot coole um, be patient but a while.

Mer. As long as you will sir, before I buy a bargaine of such runts, Ile buy a Colledge for Beares, and live among um.

Enter Francisco, Lance, boy with a torch.

Fran. How dost thou now.

Lan. Better then I was, and straighter, but my heads a hogs-head still, it rowles and tumbles.

Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.

Lan. I may live to requite it, put a snaffle of sacke in my mouth, and then ride me very well.

Fran. Twas all but sport, Ile tell thee what I meane now, I meane to see this wench.

Lan. Where a devill is shee, and there were two, 'tweare better.

Fran. Dost thou heare the bell ring.

Lan. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then shee comes to prayers, earely each morning thether: Now if I could but meete her, for I am of another mettle now.

Enter Isabell, and Shorthose with a Torch.

Lan. What lights yond.

Fran. Ha, tis a light, take her by the hand and Court her.

Lan. Take her below the girdle, youle never speed else, it comes on this way still, oh that I had but such an opportunity in a saw pit, how it comes on, comes on, tis here.

Fran. Tis she, fortune I kisse thy hand——good morrow Lady.

Isa. What voyce is that sirrha, doe you sleepe as you goe, tis he, I am glad ont, why *Shorthose.*

Short. Yes forsooth, I was dreamt, I was going to Church.

Lan. Shee sees you as plaine as I doe.

Isa. Hold thy Torch up.

Short. Heres nothing but a stall, and a Butchers dogge a

sleepe

sleepē int, where did you see the voyce.

Fran. Shee lookes still angry.

Lan. To her and meet sir.

Isa. Here, here.

Fran. Yes Lady, nēver blesse your selfe, I am but a man, and like an honest man, now I will thanke you——

Isa. What do you meane, who sent for you, who desired you

Short. Shall I put out the Torch forsooth.

Isa. Can I not goe about my private meditations, hay, but such companions as you must ruffle me, you had best goe with me sir.

Fran. Twas my purpose.

Isa. Why what an impudence is this, you had best, being so nēare the Church, provide a Priest, and perswade me to marry you.

Fran. It was my meaning, and such a husband, so loving, and so carefull, my youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at —— Harke you.

Isa. Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly, turne home againe sirrah, you had best now force my man to leade your way.

Lan. Yes marry shall a Lady, forward my friend.

Isa. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a rape.

Fran. Doe you like that better, I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I see nothing, I am asleepe still, when you havē done tell me, and then Ile wake Mistris.

Isa. Are you in earnest Sir, doe you long to be hang'd.

Fran. Yes by my troth Lady in these faire tresses.

Isa. Shall I call out for helpe.

Fran. No by no meanes, that werē a wēakē trickē Lady, Ile kisse and stoppe your mouth.

Isa. Youle answer all these.

Fran. A thousand kisses more.

Isa. I was never abused thus, you had best give out too, that you found me willing, and say I doted on you.

Fran. Thats knowne already, and no man living shall now carry you from me.

Isa. This is fine ifaith.

Fran. It shall be tenne times finer.

Isa. Well seeing you are so valiant, keepe your way, I will to Church.

Fran. And I will waite upon you.

Isa. And it is most likely theres a Priest, if you dare venter as you professe, I would wish you looke about you, to doe these rude trickes, for you know their recompences, and trust not to my mercy.

Fran. But I will Lady.

Isa. For Ile so handle you,

Fran. Thats it I looke for.

Lan. Afore thou dreame.

Short. Have you done.

Isa. Goe on sir, and follow if you dare.

Fran. If I doe not hang me.

Lan. Tis all thine owne boy, an 'twere a million, god a mercy Sacke, when would small Beere have done this. *Exeunt.*

Knocking within. *Enter Vallentine.*

Val. Whose that that knockes and bounces, what a devill ailes you, is hell broke loose, or doe you keepe an Iron mill.

Enter a servant.

Ser. Tis a Gentlewoman sir that must needs speak with you.

Val. A Gentlewoman, what Gentlewoman, what have I to doe with Gentlewomen?

Ser. She will not be answerd Sir.

Val Fling up the bed and let her in, Ile try how gentle she is ----- *Exit Servant.* This sacke has fild my head so full of bables, I am almost mad; what Gentlewoman should this be, I hope she has brought me no butter print along with her to lay to my charge, if she have tis all one, Ile forsweare it.

Enter Widdow.

Wid. O your a noble gallant, send of your servant pray.

Exit Servant.

Val. Shee will not ravish mee, by this light shee lookes as sharpe set as a Sparrow hawke, what wouldst thou woman.

Wid. O you have used me kindely, and like a Gentleman, this tis to trust to you.

Val.

Val. Truſt to me, for what.

Wid. Becauſe I ſaid in jeaſt once, you were a handſome man, one I could like well, and fooling, made you beleeve I loved you, and might be brought to marry.

Val. The Widdow is drunke too.

Wid. You out of this which is a fine diſcretion, give out the matters done, you have wonne and wed mee, and that you have put fairely for an heire too, theſe are fine rumours to advance my credit; ith name of miſchiefe what did you meane.

Val. That you loved me, and that you might be brought to marry me, why, what a devill doe you meane Widdow.

Wid. Twas a fine tricke too, to tell the world though you had enjoyed your firſt wiſh, you wiſhed the wealth you aimed at; that I was poore, which is moſt true, I am, have ſold my Lands, becauſe I love not thoſe vexations, yet for mine honors ſake, if you muſt be prating, and for my credits ſake in the Towne.

Val. I tell thee Widdow, I like thee ten times better, now thou haſt no Lands, for now thy hopes and cares, lye on thy husband, if ere thou marryeſt more.

Wid. Have not you married me, and for this maine cauſe, now as you report it, to be your Nurſe.

Val. My Nurſe, why what am I growne too, give me the glaſſe, my Nurſe.

Wid. You nere ſaid truer, I muſt confeſſe I did a little favour you, and with ſome labour, might have beene perſwaded, but when I found I muſt bee hourely troubled, with making brawthes, and dawbing your decaies with ſwadling, and with ſtitching up your ruines, for the world ſo reports.

Val. Doe not provoke me.

Wid. And halfe an eye may ſee.

Val. Doe not provoke me, the worlds a lying world, and thou ſhalt finde it, have a good heart, and take a ſtrong faith to thee, and marke what followes, my Nurſe, yes, you ſhall rocke me: Widdow Ile keepe you waking.

Wid. You are diſpoſed ſir.

Val. Yes marry am I Widdow, and you ſhall feele it, nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.

Wid. I thinke ſo.
Val. Come.
Wid. Whether.
Val. Any whether. *Sings.*

The fits upon me now, the fits upon me now,
Come quickely gentle Lady, the fits upon me now,
The world ſhall know they are fooles,
And ſo ſhalt thou doe too,
Let the Cobler meddle with his tooles,
The fits upon mē now.

Take mē quickly while I am in this vaine; away with me, for if I have but two houres to conſider, all the Widdowes in the world cannot recover me.

Wid. If you will, goe with mē ſir.

Val. Yes marry will I, but tis in anger yet, and J will marry thee, doe not croſſe me; yes, and J will lie with thee, and get a whole bundle of babies, and I will kiſſe thee, ſtand ſtill and kiſſe me hanſomely, but do not provoke me, ſtirre neither hand nor foote, for I am dangerous, I drunk ſacke yeſternight, doe not allure me: Thou art no widdow of this world, come in pitty, and in ſpite Ile marry thee, not a word more, and J may be brought to love thee. *Exeunt*

Enter Merchant and Vncle at ſeverall doores.

Mer. Well met agen, and what good newes yet.
Vnc. Faith nothing.
Mer. No fruites of what wē ſowed.
Vnc. Nothing I heare of.
Mer. No turning in this tide yēt.
Vnc. Tis all flood, and till that fall away, theres no expecting.

Enter Fran. Iſab. Lance. Shorthoſe, a torch.

Mer. Is not this his younger brother.
Vnc. With a Gentlewoman the Widdowes ſiſter, as I live he ſmiles, he has got good hold, why well ſaid *Francke* ifaith, lets ſtay and marke.
Iſa. Well you are thē prettieſt youth, and ſo you have handled me, thinke you ha me ſure.
Fran. As ſure as wedlocke.

Iſa.

Isa. You had best lye with me too.

Fran. Yes indeed will I, and get such blacke ey'd boyes.

Vnc. God a mercy *Francke.*

Isa. This is a merry world, poore simple Gentlewomen that thinke no harme, cannot walke about their businesse, but they must be catcht up I know not how.

Fran. Ile tell you, and Ile instruct you too, have I caught you Mistresse.

Isa. Well, and it were not for pure pitty, I would give you the slip yet, but being as it is.

Fran. It shall be better.

Enter Vallentine, Widdow, and Ralph with a Torch.

Isa. My sister as I live, your brother with her, sure I thinke you are the Kings takers.

Vnc. Now it workes.

Val. Nay you shall know I am a man.

Wid. I thinke so.

Val. And such proofe you shall have.

Wid. I pray speake softly.

Val. Ile speake it out Widdow, yes and you shall confesse too, I am no nurse child, I went for a man, a good one, if you can beate me out oth' pit.

Wid. I did but jest with you.

Val. Ile handle you in earnest, and so handle you: Nay when my credit cals.

Wid. Are you mad.

Val. I am mad, I am mad.

Fran. Good morrow Sir, I like your preparation.

Val. Thou hast beene at it *Francke.*

Fran. Yes faith, tis done sir.

Val. A long with me then, nẽver hang an arse Widdow.

Isa. Tis to no purpose sister.

Val. Well said blackebrowes, advancẽ your Torches Gentlemen.

Vnc. Yes, yes sir.

Val. And keepe your ranckẽs.

Mer. Lance carry this before him.

Vnc. Carry it in state.

Enter Musitians, Fount. Hare. Bell.

Val. What are you Musitians, I know your comming, and what are those behinde you.

Musi. Gentlemen that sent us to give the Lady, a good morrow.

Val. O I know them, come boy sing the song I taught you,
And sing it lustily, come forward Gentlemen, your welcome,
Welcome, now we are all friends goe get the Priest ready,
And let him not be long, we have much businesse:
Come *Francke* rejoyce with me, thou hast got the start boy,
But ile so tumble after, come my friends leade,
Lead chearefully, and let your fiddles ring boyes,
My follies and my fancies have an end here,
Display the morgage *Lance*, Merchant ile pay you,
And every thing shall be in joynt agen.

Vnc. A fore, afore.

Val. And now confesse, and know.
Wit without Money, sometimes gives the blow.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Wit without Money